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ART. I.—THE LATE WAR: ITS CAUSES, CONDUCT,
AND RESULTS.

BY A SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

THE writer of this article is well aware that the public ear is wearied with a theme, which, from use and abuse, has become "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Yet the first war for Independence was scarcely so important, as the recent one for preserving what three millions gained, for the use of the thousand millions who may one day fill the valley of the Mississippi, and look out on either ocean. Therefore the writer, who is a Southern man, who was a soldier in the armies of the South from the first drum-beat to the last; who is intimate with those who watched the Southern side from the high stand-point of the first offices of the Southern *de facto* government,—desires simply to tell somewhat of that he knows and believes, for the information of those who have looked only on one side.

First, *Causes of the War*.—The defence of the South has been attempted, by indicting the North before the tribunal of the world's opinion, on charges of being the first to violate the Federal compact, or Constitution. It is charged that Northern States passed "personal liberty bills," requiring that the tenure of property in man should not rest on mere possession of the chattel, or an informal bill of sale, such as

passed the title to a horse or a cow; but that the "fugitive from labor" should only be given up when titles equal to those of land or valuable personal property — titles sealed, witnessed, and recorded — were proven in court by certified records or competent testimony. It is charged that Northern States refused the use of jails and court-houses to the United-States Marshals who attempted to carry out the Fugitive-slave Law. It is charged that in Kansas and Nebraska, and other territories, slave labor was not protected by law. This defence is utterly worthless, as the South violated the national law as much as the North.

Under the law of the United States, the slave trade with the coast of Africa was piracy, punishable by the extreme penalties of the law. Yet the trade never entirely ceased, and, in many cases, there was no remark or comment by the people who knew it; and in the Charleston Convention of 1860, Colonel Gaulding, of Liberty County, a member of the Georgia delegation, made a speech from the platform in favor of the introduction of a pro-slave-trade plank in the Democratic platform, and was cheered by the Convention.

The famed *Wanderer* case, in Savannah, is yet fresh in the public memory; and the plainly proven and undoubted fact of a cargo of Africans having been brought in the ship as her only vocation, had little effect upon the public mind, and resulted in almost nothing.

It is a wise maxim which asserts that "NO LAW IS STRONGER THAN PUBLIC OPINION;" and it was practically proven in the operation of these great national laws, North and South. The people of the free-labor States could not see why the declaration of our great Charter of Liberty, that "All men were created free and equal," excluded black men. Nor why those "inalienable rights" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," should be alienated by being born of a slave mother. The people of the slave-labor States could not see any crime in buying a cargo of Africans taken in negro battle, liable to be cooked and eaten, or, worse, enslaved, if not sold to whites, and who had some chance of civilization and Christianity by importation. How could it seem a crime,

when the parting of husband and wife, mother and child, and the trade in these between the States was sanctioned by State and national law, defended from the rostrum, the pulpit, and the press, and solemnly confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States? The juries of the North would not return a slave to slavery. The juries of the South would not hang men who bought their slaves in Africa. Nor were the rights of white citizens of other States, or of a free pulpit, or a free press, safe in the South when public opinion prescribed tar and feathers for heresy on the vexed question.

We only differed in this, that we of the South defended a barbarous and expiring institution in defiance of the opinions of mankind; while the people of the North — free themselves from the pecuniary temptation to violate principle — moved in the van of the world's progress.

It is now asserted that the States of the South, fearing a total wreck of the rights "reserved to the States respectively or to the people," and looking upon the election of Mr. Lincoln as the signal gun of the grand Northern crusade, thought best to draw around themselves the robes of reserved sovereignty, and build up in their own sunny clime a new *sanctum sanctorum* for the old Constitution of our fathers. But this position is worse than the old plea of 1860.

The only question in the South was, whether to secede at once for existing causes (or rather lack of causes), or to wait for the new administration to commit some undefined "overt act." The plan of the new government did not enter as a prominent element into political speeches, or newspaper articles, or private consultation, or state-convention ordinances. "Southern Empire" was as common a term as Southern Republic, and secession was the main object. The election of Mr. Breckenridge, instead of Mr. Lincoln, would only more surely have paved the way of the revolution. The States seceded singly, with no agreement to ever unite again; and the Montgomery Congress was suggested as much by a threatening North, as by the need of a constitution.

That the Southern constitution at last adopted was almost a reprint of the old document, is not to the credit of Mr.

Yancey, Mr. Toombs, the Cobb brothers, the Rhetts, and other great apostles of secession; but was due to conservatives, like Alexander H. Stephens, who battled against the tide while battle was possible. And when at last General Scott told the "wayward sisters to go in peace," and Mr. Greeley did not want to live in a Union whereof one part was "pinned to the residue by bayonets," and President Buchanan did not see any way to stay the storm,—then he and his kind sprang on the severed fragment which was theirs by birth, and tried to save a part of what was most precious in the old, for the use of the new.

No sane man at the South could have dreamed that constitutional slavery would be safer in a new adventure of Republicanism against half the old Union and the open hostility of mankind, than it was under the protection of the whole Union and the silence of the world under the fear of its guns. The best possible evidence that the election of Mr. Lincoln did not alarm anybody, is seen in the reading of that most sensitive of all barometers, the *pocket nerve*.

In the very midst of the intense agitation, from 1854 to 1860, the price of negroes steadily rose from one thousand dollars to fifteen hundred; and when the news of the triumph of Republicanism flashed over the wires, the negro market did not vary one dollar in the whole South.

But this branch of the subject is endless; and we leave it by saying, that the States did not secede because the constitutional compact broken on one side released the other, nor was it to preserve slavery, nor protect an imperilled Constitution.

The source of the war was a plethora of prosperity. This, we hope, was more a misfortune than a crime. When Nebuchadnezzar walked on his lofty walls, and said, "Is not this Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" he was sent out to eat grass with the oxen, that he might "know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

"Perhaps *our* hearts had waxed too strong ;
'Twere meet to send distress ;
The contrite spirit God alone
Will condescend to bless.
Perhaps, if humbly we implore
Salvation from his hand,
'Twill please our Father to restore
Again our native land."

If misfortune is too mild a term, the great people might forgive us the sin we have done, for the sake of its long expiation.

We were rich almost beyond computation. The wealth of a nation does not consist in what they consume as clothing and food for man and beast ; for that is mere existence and independence. It is in the excess above its own needs, that goes abroad to benefit other people, and to reap the gold from the fields of commerce for its own garnerers. In the year 1859 (and I write from memory not having the tables before me), the entire exports of the Northern States were little over forty-five millions. The cotton of the South, alone, went above one hundred and sixty millions, and her entire exports to one hundred and ninety-three millions. In 1860, we made four million bales of cotton, at an average of over four hundred pounds to the bale. Our land was netted with railroads, mostly out of debt, and paying good dividends. The progress of free schools was in a fair way to wipe off the stigma of ignorance from our white population. In churches, colleges, and libraries, we were equal, or superior, to the North, in proportion to our population. Our capital paid a better return for industry. The uncut grass in our fields was more than the hay of the North ; and the fodder, or corn-blades saved, was equal, counting population, capital, and consumption. Our wealthy population could summer at Saratoga or the seaside, and return to find that fertile land and genial sun had filled barn and gin-house, in spite of incompetent overseers and unwilling labor.

Our bravest and most accomplished gentlemen frequently took professions only as a finish to a polite education, and did not need any employment, either to make fortunes or to sus-

tain them, as a cotton plantation was above the reach of bankruptcy or a commercial panic. The educated women of the South were lovely as the lilies of the valley, and, like them, "they toiled not, neither did they spin."

Our young men had little to do after the studies of college or a profession were over; and to join Lopez in a trip to Cuba, or Walker to Central America, was a relief to an idle and tiresome life. We might appeal to those who have tried life without an object, or those who have seen solitary confinement inflicted as the alternative of death, and be certain of an opinion that no labor is so trying as compulsory idleness, whether it be social or legal in its cause.

To this society, where three hundred thousand slave-owners held the places of honor and influence among the eight millions; where the people were tired of unbroken affluence, and willing to risk all for a new sensation; where fervid oratory, impassioned eloquence, and keen sarcasm were the weapons of the few; and those who doubted or disbelieved dared not brave public opinion, the bowie-knife, or the tar-barrel; to this society the Marseilles Hymn and Dixie drum-beat, and gay banners of the revolution came as a relief, and not as a terror.

War was a beautiful thing when bright-eyed girls wove the laurels, and glory beckoned in the azure distance. No cloud darkened the headlands of time. Bright were the seas before the prow that bore the precious freight of property in man. The colors of the old Union seemed only to flutter farewells from her silent decks, and Europe smiled across the waves.

The dream-light has faded from the eyes of the South, and over the form of the poor ruined hope that lies in the dust, with only her white banner for a shroud, "let the tear which pities human weakness fall; on it let the veil that covers human frailty rest."

With Republicanism only successful in the midst of the divisions of other parties by a minority vote; and with a vast preponderance of power in Congress so long as the Southern members kept their seats; with the new President more hopelessly tied by legislative and judiciary majorities than Mr.

Johnson is now ; with our hand on the law, the purse, and the sword, there was no good cause for the war. It was an epidemic madness,— a moral cholera, that none could account for and none could stay.

The writer of this article claims no wisdom in this glance at history, for he was one of the most willing victims.

Second, *Conduct of the War*.— With the successes or failures of generals on either side ; with the conduct of campaigns, the management of resources or finances ; or the interior causes why one side succeeded and the other failed, this article has nothing to do. That is the province of history ; and it may all be abridged into the conclusion, that, as both sides could not succeed, one failed.

The most noticeable thing in the opening conduct of the war, was the spirit of the dominant party in the South, which tolerated no manifestation of public opinion save its own, and recognized no honor, worth, or manhood, save under the plumes of the army. The press registered the name of every private who stepped to the music. The pulpit spread forth its hands in benediction, and bade them go in the name of their God and their country. The aged offered uniforms, money, and blessings. The great orators lifted their voices like trumpets, or took the sword and led the way. Meetings were held by ladies of the highest social position, and their smiles and favor were denied, by solemn resolution, to all but the brave. Betrothed virgins postponed the nuptial rite until the lover had won his spurs, or buckled them on him at the holy altar. The words of Moore would have been prophecy, had he written, —

“ On, swords of God ! Each Southern woman calls,
Love for the living, — heaven for him who falls.”

We do not claim that the army thus raised was better or braver than that of the North, but opinion required that they should go and stay, if need be — die. The story of what they did is written upon the tattered banners of the victor North. It is not in good taste for us to repeat it, for the generous foe has done so. The writer, and many others like him,

who helped form opinion, and who did not wait for its compulsion, are not entitled to this plea in extenuation. But there are tens of thousands of the masses of the people there who fought under the Southern cross with a strange love for the old stars and stripes; and who nursed a love and a hope for the Union in the midst of the ranks of gray. Therefore it was that the strange spectacle was presented of the President and Vice-President of the lost cause arrested in the heart of the land by a small force; carried down a railway and a dangerous river by a small guard, and not a hand raised to stay the deed. Therefore it is, that the finest infantry and cavalry in the world disbanded at the word of command, and that, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, those troops have not since fired a hostile gun.

The next noticeable thing was the conduct of the negroes. From the first hour of the struggle, they all knew that the quarrel was about them, and few were they who did not understand that their liberty was some way involved. They have full intelligence for that, and when necessity compelled President Lincoln and his advisers to use Emancipation as a means of war, it was whispered from plantation to plantation with electric speed. The negro folder of papers heard the proof-sheets read. The dining-room girl caught it from the denunciations at the table. The groom learned it amid the oaths of the captain, and millions of hearts felt from that hour —

“ De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord, I’s e free ! ”

The negro values liberty, and the story of the reply made on the banks of the Ohio, is a true one. A gentleman had learned from a runaway that he had left a good home, good clothes and food, and had never been whipped in his life. He then pointed out to the negro how much better his condition had been than that of thousands of destitute whites, and how many would be glad of so good a home. The negro replied, “ Master, dat situation, wid all its adwantages, is open to any white man dat wants to go an’ fill it.” Yet, with liberty in

sight, no negro shed a drop of blood to aid its progress, save when he was uniformed in blue. Masters left vast plantations, family plate and jewels, wives and little ones, with no protectors save the slaves. The writer has a thousand times seen refugees flying from the advancing armies of the Union, and the wagons that held all that was left, the carriages where the children slept, and the cattle that fed them, were driven by negroes, and often with no white man nearer than the Union army. They cooked, they watched, they worked for and fed the wives and children of those who staid at the front only because the faithful negroes in the rear enabled them to stay. Not a virgin was ravished, not a woman was murdered, not a city or town was burned by these slaves; and not a single crime was done where some white man did not lead or command them. It may seem absurd to the Northern ear, when some editorial Poll Parrot assures the negro "who is not fit to vote," that the Southern white man is his "best friend," and should *have* his vote. But many a planter can call a negro his friend, with a feeling and emotion which does no discredit to the sacred name. The best, humblest, and most faithful laborers on earth, God forbid that a party war should make us enemies. They never asked to vote, and the number in the South who bitterly oppose it is much smaller than is supposed. What did Georgia care for white suffrage when she sold it for a "homestead" law?

The third element to be considered in this part, is the conduct of those who kept up the war long after the common sentiment ceased to sustain it, and when irons and conscript gangs filled the army, that began with volunteers. These men were the President, who had no intention that the laurels won at Buena Vista should wither on the hills of Richmond; the statesmen, like Breckenridge, Price, Marshall, Campbell, Wise, Cobb, and others, who had risked all and lost much in the venture, and were yet willing to risk the desperate odds; the soldiers, like Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, and Stuart, who obeyed orders and asked few questions. But the majority of the war men were speculators to whom the blockade was a harvest of gold; Congressmen,

who could make money of their knowledge of the financial measures in secret session ; traders, who were fabulously rich in the depreciated currency, and were willing to coin the blood of the nation that they might be paid at par ; stay-at-homes, willing to sacrifice " all their first wife's relations " for the honor of the South, but not a drop of their own blood ; editors, who were born in the North, and having taken the vacant seats left by those gone to the war, could shout their heroic war-cry, " Shoot, boys, shoot ! I'm in the cellar ! " purchasing officers, who heroically stood to their posts, far in the rear ; conscript dandies, with fine horses ; officers and staff, who exhibited unsoiled gold lace in parlors, and hunted better men from home to the army ; impressment and " tax in kind " agents, who plundered in the name of the government ; least known, but most worthy, the veterans, who endured frost and fire, and staid and died, because it was their duty.

Those who did not sustain the war after 1863 were men whose homes were dearer and more sacred than any territorial domain ; soldiers, who were forced out by conscription, and whose yearly pay would not buy a pair of boots or a barrel of flour ; pale-faced women, who never had an interest in Kansas or Nebraska, and never read the " Dred Scott " case ; sewing women, who had been affluent, but who made scanty bread, bone-felons, and curvature of the spine over the government work ; children, to whom the Constitution was only a hard word to spell, and whose little hearts were in mourning for dead fathers, when poverty refused to robe their outward forms in black ; old men, who saw comfort go and want come ; mothers, like that one I saw clasp the rough pine box with its splinters and its charcoal, and exclaim, " O my boy ! my boy ! What is it to me that they say he made a gallant charge ? "

These wanted peace. These, who shed tears enough to quench the fires of revolution, wanted only peace. God gave it at last, and they thank him for it, and do not question how.

It was a most remarkable war, because the soldiers on both sides were only enemies " to order." True, there was occasional bitterness, and the writer regrets to remember, that,

when angered by some brutal rape or murder or arson, he has condemned a whole people for what they, doubtless, condemn as he does. But these feelings were exceptions, and it was strange to see men stand up and shoot each other, and the next day meet on picket or to bury the dead, take drinks from the same bottle, exchange newspapers, "swap" coffee for tobacco, inquire after friends, laugh at army incidents, or weep over the sod of some fallen man whom both had loved. They respected each other. The veteran was always kind to his prisoner, and those who took sectional hate to the field generally left it there, and feel none now. It is so with the gray; so with the blue. Many were fierce with their tongues then and are so now, *on both sides*, who took wondrous care never to seek the hated foe at the front.

Andersonville was a sad truth. It was mostly done by officers who avoided *open* war. The army and people of the South knew little of it until it was proven on trial. The officials *should* have known. The fact that Southern soldiers suffered and died in the same way in their own hospitals and camps makes it no better. The fault of non-exchange does not cover it. They should have been turned loose rather than starved. But revenge should not mark a whole people for the crime of a few.

The war lasted so long, because no speaker there dared advocate reconstruction of the Union; or, if they did, they were liable to arrest, or met unbounded abuse. A war party has little charity and less mercy. A President who was almost dictator, a Congress of his own interest, and armed agents, what wonder that 1864 and 1865 had to be endured?

Third, *Results of the War*.—The South has gained more by the war than the North. The North has gained no territory, for the State governments are restored; the same representation is granted, or will be; and there has been no confiscation of private property. One consequence of the failure of the South to achieve her independence was a release from her own war debt, under the terms dictated by President Johnson; while the North will have the larger part of the national debt to pay, unless the South speedily recovers from

her financial exhaustion. With such cotton crops as that of 1860, and the former crops of rice, tobacco, and sugar, she could more than pay her part ; but that is not expected. All that the North won in battle, she has in her broad generosity given back, save her interest in the Union. The South has gained one thing, which many of her people now count as a loss ; but which the generations to come will count as a blessing, worth all the suffering and blood and treasure poured out by her in the lap of war. It did not come by her consent. It was not a part of the purpose of the Union in opening the war. It was a seeming accident and necessity, growing out of the war, and conducted by the wisdom of Him " who maketh the wrath of men to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath doth he restrain." IT IS THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. That was the "old man of the mountain" that hung to the back of the Southern Sinbad ; making vast wealth almost useless ; staying all progress along the highway of nations ; exhausting rich lands and fettering natural genius. Free from that, placed on the broadest republican level of liberty and equal rights ; with her broad and scarcely half populated domain, her rich and self-recuperative soil, her mild and genial sun, her brief winters, her varied products which find little competition in the markets of the earth, and the most faithful and obedient laboring class on the globe, the South has hopes far brighter than were ever imaged on the *fata morgana* of Southern Empire, or mingled with the distempered dreams of revolution.

It is asked, Is the South content to abide by the issue of the war ? In every form she has answered, YES. When her armies disbanded, they took solemn paroles to observe laws in force where they might live, and they have kept them. Before they could receive the benefits of the United-States mails, all white men, women, and even children, had to subscribe the following oath before a United-States officer : —

" I do solemnly swear or affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder ; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all

laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing Rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. *So help me God.*"

It has been said that these veterans (as well as the non-combatants) took the oaths intending to commit perjury; but few would care to face the men and repeat the accusation.

Passports were required in the following form:—

"Head-quarters, ———. Guards, &c., will pass ——— ——— as employé in the office of ——— newspaper, at all hours."

They were carried and shown to the colored guards without murmur or question. In the most of the Southern States, modifications were at once made in the laws as to jurors and evidence; and patrol laws were repealed, in accordance with the oath. The emancipation amendment was ratified. In case of a foreign war, Southern soldiers will prove their devotion to the Union, shoulder to shoulder with the men of the North.

Again, it is asked, Why was it that when so fair a proposition was made, as that the colored population of the South should not be represented in Congress, unless they were permitted to vote in the elections, it met with so little favor? There were two reasons:—

First, a people more in the habit of learning their duty from the lips of public speakers than from newspapers or books, looked naturally to them for direction. As these very speakers were not only directly interested in the proportion of representation, or wished to be, but were excluded from office by the terms of the law, they had little incentive to advise its acceptance. Then the people felt that it would be wrong to desert the leaders of their own choice in an hour of adversity, and therefore elected to suffer with them. It is true that these leaders, who were and are in the main part the richest men of the South, with vast plantations, great incomes from law practice and from cotton, with comfortable homes, and safe in the luxury of the fireside, were not in any peril of suffering, save in theory. It is also true that common planters with buildings and fences in decay,

mules and cattle gone, children not educated, money and credit gone, and property mortgaged, to say nothing of tradesmen and common laborers, were actually suffering and are yet. But a generous people did not pause to consider that, and so declined the Fourteenth Amendment.

Secondly, that people, while Mr. Davis was in prison seemed to have found a new leader, more potent than the first. President Andrew Johnson — forgetful of his own abolition of the State governments and arbitrary appointment of provisional officers; of the test oaths required of all men and women who used the United-States mails; of the compulsory repudiation of State war debts; the exemption from pardon of persons worth over twenty thousand dollars, and his own stringent military government — proceeded to charge his own party and Congress with treason, and to become the champion of the South. Credulity seems a part of human nature, and the same people who believed in the neutrality of the Border States hoped in the assurances of Northern Peace Democrats, and watched the seas for the armies and navies of England and France that were to come; these gladly accepted the "Moses" who gave up the negroes for them. They forgave the man who kept Tennessee and Kentucky from joining them, and looked for some such Napoleon act as the dispersion of Congress or the arrest of General Grant. How miserably they were fooled, let history tell. The impeachment was a failure, but the South was condemned; condemned to see her rich lands lie unasked for in the market, and her sunny slopes remain uncultivated for lack of capital. Again, it was somewhat her fault, somewhat her misfortune.

Are men of Republican principles, white or colored, safe to live in the South? We answer that they are fully as safe as in the North. There was blood shed in the late Pennsylvania elections; there has been loss of life in the capital of the Union and elsewhere; there is no part of the world where a man can use harsh and abusive language, in regard to other persons, with perfect safety to himself. Perhaps it is safer in the South than anywhere else; for we are a conquered people, humbled by poverty, disaster, and famine. We know that

every act with us is made to take a political significance, and we are cautious. Some evil is done. The recent riot in Georgia was a crime. It was time enough to have defended the women and children *after* some act had been done. The New-Orleans tragedy had little excuse. The Union troops are yet needed in the South as a police. But if millions are to be condemned for the crimes of a few, how soon would the North be under military law?

Many things are exaggerated. The Governor of Texas reports an immense murder list. Doubtless, all true. Some were killed by Camanche Indians, as they have been for years past; some by drunken and brawling United-States troops; some whites were killed by negroes; some negroes were killed by whites. The Governor has never asked for aid to prevent it, nor thought fit to publish the names, places, times, and circumstances. The writer knew a white man to kill a negro, without arrest or punishment. He was shot as he was flying from the bed of the white man's wife. The Ashburn murder in Columbus, Ga., was much talked of. He was killed in the negro house of ill-fame, where he lived, by a party of men who were masked. Forty thousand dollars was offered for the conviction of the murderers, and that sum will buy perjury anywhere. The witnesses before the military court swore to several prisoners from dress and manner, but said that they saw the face of only one. He, they said, came to the place of meeting without his mask, and they were sure of him. Alexander H. Stephens, as principal counsel for the defence, proved by an eminent judge of the State Supreme Bench, by the members of a prominent cotton firm and by their books, and by some thirty as reliable men as ever testified, that this man was forty miles away at the very time of the murder. If the witnesses swore falsely as to the one whose face they saw, what was their evidence worth as to the others?

Is the South content with negro suffrage? Probably not just now. The President of the United States opposed it; the Supreme Court were expected to condemn it, with the military bills; the statesmen of the South have generally opposed it. Yet the most of the States have accepted it by vote, and

with very little persuasion. Editors and newspaper Bohemians and stump speakers proclaimed that it would cause a war of races. Negroes have twice voted in the South, on the most momentous issues, and not a gun has been fired. If the subject is let alone, it will glide quietly into history, alongside of the war and the emancipation; and the South will have more representation and power in Congress. Posterity will wonder what all the trouble was about. Politicians may threaten, editors may fume, and small men get excited; but the vast majority of the community are much more interested in other subjects. As in the old quarrel between rival play-actors, it may be said,—

“The dear public care not a toss-up,
Whether Mossup kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossup.”

Will the South submit to the election of Grant? He was the successful commander of the Union armies, and —

“Great let me call him, for he conquered me.”

He has held the Government to the terms of its paroles, and saved our great generals from arrest at their homes; he was sent South by the President, to see if the South was loyal, and reported in the kindest terms; in his farewell to his soldiers and final report to his Government, he paid a compliment to the opposing army, which that army will not soon forget; he drove through our streets without guard or escort. A candidate has said that he could never leave the White House alive. He left Virginia alive, and might detail his future guard from the army of Lee. His party is not popular with the whites of the South, but they may elect him President. They probably prefer Mr. Seymour; but few of them prefer the forcible disruption of the first quiet government they have had, or care to risk the completion of their ruin in another revolution. A revolution will be rather a difficult thing in any case. The negroes who did not fight for their own freedom are not likely to fight for nothing; the white men who had any fight in them, did all they wanted to from 1861 to 1865, and do not care to try it again; the *tongue-braves* never shed any blood, nor lose any. One or two en-

thusiasts might get shot by the citizens or the military ; but a people who failed with the armies and territory and wealth and hope and material of 1861, are not likely to attempt an empire on a few revolvers and the short crop of 1868. If gentlemen in the North want to fight, we shall be amused spectators.

What is the Lesson of the War? Simply this: We took up arms in the fullest light of history and of reason. Those who hoped for the glory of George Washington, knew that they had not the *cause* of the colonies, and knew that Washington would have been hung as a traitor had he not succeeded. We knew that in England and France, great civilized empires as they were and are, treason was punished with loss of property, exile, or death. We risked property, life, and honor on the Trial by Battle. We lost. As we risked all, we lost all. Stephen A. Douglas said at Jones's Wood, New York, in 1860, "*Individuals may commit treason, but States never.*" Yet States are aggregations of individuals; and if all the individuals in the South who were in sympathy with the war were punished, the States would have a hard time. We lost every thing. Yet State rights, local self-government, personal liberty, property, and political rights have been restored to us, on conditions. The States accept the conditions. If they are not glad and grateful, let it be remembered that defeat and humility are not conditions of great joy.

What of the death of Mr. Lincoln? No man in gray struck the blow; and the wise among us mourned for the fall of one who was known to feel kindly disposed to the South, more than they did for the surrender of Lee. Nearly all felt regret that the little page of glory left to a defeated people should have written across it the red word, *Assassination*.

How do we feel toward the Union? More pride and love than is supposed, even where it is not deemed in good taste to boast of it. When the stately temple of government grew up, statesmen of the North and of the South laid the wondrous stones; and patriots there and here cemented them with blood. In the war of 1812, and in the war with Mexico, some of the glory was yours, some ours. Our dead rest in its dust; our

children are fed from its soil; we sleep in safety beneath its power. When we see the old flag unroll on the dome of the Capitol, and count the stars, those of South Carolina and Texas burn as brightly as those of New York and Ohio; unerasd by revolution, undimmed by carnage, they shine there yet. When we stand by the sea, the cannon of the forts thunder forth the national salute,—a gun for a State. We count the deep-toned voices that proclaim Pennsylvania, Illinois, and all the Northern sisterhood; and then, full and strong, there comes a gun for Georgia. There are yet those in the South not ashamed to say, “Our glorious Union!”

What is our political creed? Something like this:—

There is a spot where ill should never come, —
The “child-fenced corner” by the hearth of home.
Our hearts, like children’s, tire of their toys —
Of trade, the strife; of politics, the noise.
Cunning or hate are taxes on the mind,
The soul’s “free trade” is love of all mankind.
Then leave the North to doubt us if they will, —
Ours the great right to suffer and be still:
And when distress or persecution come,
We’ll kneel and pray, beside the hills of home;
Ask heaven’s God to make us wise and true,
Forgive our foes, — “they know not what they do.”
“His will be done,” from centre to extreme,
Though wrecked our empire, and our flag a dream.
With but one creed from hills to ocean strand, —
Undying love to this, our native land.
That creed we’ll tell to children by our sides,
Tell matrons old and newly blushing brides;
And keep to cheer us, what Heaven left to man,
When Eden’s exile, with his fall, began, —
That unlost Paradise of human life,
The holy love of mother and of wife.
The humblest floor, by such dear angels trod,
Rivals the splendors of the hills of God.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 22, 1868.

ART. II. — ON GIVING NAMES TO TOWNS AND
STREETS.

To give a true name to a town or a street, is not so easy a matter as it may seem. Great blunders are constantly made, because it is thought a matter of very little consequence. Therefore, in this paper, we shall endeavor to show how important it is that care be taken in selecting the proper designation, not only for a new city or village, but even for a new street. We shall also try to show that such designations ought not to be merely as pretty sounds, but as memorials of the past.

Ought we not to regard such names as historic monuments, and select such as will commemorate the events and persons belonging to the history of the place? This appears to us to be a matter of no small importance in a country like this. In a nation which grows with such unprecedented rapidity as ours, there is frequent need of giving names to new States, towns, streets, and public buildings. Thus far these appellations have been given almost by accident. It has been a happy accident when a State, or a town, or a street has received a good name: as for example, in States, Minnesota and Iowa; in towns, Canandaigua, Chicago, Milwaukee; in streets, Bowdoin Street, Federal Street, Chauncy Street. More commonly, the names given have been taken at random, without any selection, by some ignorant or careless official, who took the first appellations which occurred to him, or which met his eye in a classical dictionary or on a map of Europe.

But what those who have this work to do ought to know, is, that to give a name to a place is a very important action, involving no little responsibility, and should therefore be confided to judicious and enlightened persons; and, secondly, that there are certain rules to be followed and objects to be secured in giving names.

Before giving a name to an infant, we hesitate and consider, and very properly ; for the name is one which is to designate him through life, and every time it is uttered will make an impression on the hearers corresponding to the character or association which belongs to it. When a child is named "Praise God Barebones," "Be Thankful Maynard," "Lament Willard," or "Search the Scriptures Moreton," is it not evident that the poor little baby has been saddled with a burden which will weigh him down through life? For such phrases were not, as Hume erroneously supposes, assumed by the parties themselves, but have been found by Mr. Lower (as he tells us, in his work on English surnames) in the baptismal registers. Every time the man who has such a name is spoken to, or spoken of, a slight sense of ridicule attaches to him in consequence of his name. But, finally, every man dies, and his name goes with him ; but a city, a town, or a street may live a thousand years. During all its existence, if it have an insignificant appellation, or one suggesting unfavorable contrasts or disagreeable associations, the town or street is injured. It may be no great injury, not much each time ; but multiply the slight injury its bad name inflicts on each occasion by the number of times the name is spoken, and you see that a poor name may do a place a good deal of harm. If a little rural town is called Rome, Paris, or London, the word inevitably suggests unfavorable comparisons ; whereas, if it was entitled Riverside or Greenfield, it would pleasantly suggest its true characteristics.

A name is a matter of much more consequence than we are apt to suppose. Lord Bacon says, "Name, though it seem but a superficial and outward matter, yet carrieth much impression and enchantment: the general and common name of Græcia made the Greeks always apt to unite (though otherwise full of divisions among themselves) against other nations whom they called barbarians. The Helvetian name is no small bond, to knit together their leagues and confederacies the faster." *

* Bacon's Works : Union of England and Scotland.

If you were about to move into the country, and were hesitating between two towns, in other respects having equal attractions, and one of them had a pleasant name, while the other was named Squash End or Muddy Creek, would not that decide you? I think so. I have no doubt that many places have been seriously injured, as to their population, by unfortunate titles. The same is true of streets. In the town where I spent my boyhood, one street was called "Poverty lane," and another "Burying-ground lane." I do not think a man would willingly select either for his residence.

It is worth while, therefore, to consider what constitutes a *good* name. It is one which individualizes, with which there is no bad association, which has nothing trivial, nothing ridiculous, but which leaves a pleasant impression.

"Unhappy," says Salverte, "is the man whose heart is cold at the name of his country, heard in a foreign land." But can his heart beat with much delight at the name of his native town or street, if the town be called "Painted Post," or "Passykunk," or "Rattlesnake Bar," or "Gratis," "Scipio," or "Treddyfinne" (all in the census); or the street be called "Petticoat lane," "Leg alley," "Stinking lane," or "Snore hill," each one of which has been borne by some unfortunate locality?

The qualities required for a good name seem to be individuality, character, and agreeable associations. A name is intended, first, *to distinguish the individual from all other individuals*. Hence all names are bad which are common. Those of us whose surnames are frequent, are unfortunate therein. Mr. Lower gives a list of sixty of the most common surnames in England, taken from the registers of births and deaths. The Smiths stand at the head of the list, 5,588 having been born to that name in Great Britain in the year 1837-8. Next come the Joneses, 5,353; Williamses, 3,490; and others following in this order: Taylor, Brown, Davies, Thomas, Lewis, Evans, Roberts, Clark, Johnson, Robinson, Jackson, Walker, Wood, Wright, White, Turner, Thompson, Hall, Greene, Baker, and Hughes.

These cannot help themselves. But what shall we say to

those who deliberately repeat the same word over and over again in naming counties and towns? For example, in the United-States Census for 1860, we find these curious facts. The same appellations are repeated over and over again in every State; every name of any consequence occurring a dozen or twenty times; many going up to forty or fifty. Some of the least common, like Pittsburg, Plainfield, Butler, Canaan, Carroll, Buffalo, Huntington, Windsor, Rutland, occur nine or ten times each. There are twenty-four Fairfields, twenty-six Adamses, twelve Adamsvilles, thirty-nine Salems. There are nine Roxburys, twelve Bostons, five Baltimores, two Philadelphias, and one New York. There are forty-five towns named Richland, thirteen named Rome, and eleven Paris. The insignificant name of Centre has been given to forty-seven towns; nineteen have been called Brown; ten, Smith, beside many Smithfields, Smithlands, Smithburgs, and Smithvilles. There are ten towns for which no better name could be found than Settlement. Of statesmen and heroes, we have fifty-seven towns named for Perry, fifty-two for Wayne, twenty-seven for Van Buren, fifty-seven for Harrison, eighty-three for Franklin, eighty for Jefferson, one hundred and twenty for Jackson, and one hundred and thirty-four for Washington. There are in the Union, ninety-nine towns named Union, and sixty-five named Liberty; from which we may possibly infer that our people love Union about one-third more than they love Liberty. The worst circumstance about this endless repetition is that there are often many towns of the same name in the same State. Thus, there are thirty-nine towns named Jackson in the single State of Indiana; eight towns named Pike, and thirteen named Springfield, in Ohio; six called Sugar Creek in Indiana; thirty called Union in Ohio; and thirteen called Union in Arkansas.

Such repetitions are very bad. They destroy all individuality and character. It would have been better to have called New York by the name Manhattan, and to have called Boston either Shawmut or Trimount, as at first. When the Court resolved, on Sept. 7th, 1630, that Trimountaine should be called Boston, and Mattapan, Dorchester, they made a mistake.

The original names were more individual and characteristic than the new ones. There is scarcely a town in Massachusetts but has borrowed its name from some English town, instead of retaining, as it might have done, the old Indian word, or taking a name from its situation. The names lose their significance when thus transported. Our Suffolk (a place of the south people) is farther north than our Norfolk. Our Dorchesters, Worcesters, and Lancasters have no remains of Roman camps; our Salisbury has no cathedral; our Melrose no ruined abbey. There was something affectionate in thus covering the new continent with the familiar patronymics from dear old England, but it would have been better to have kept some of the Indian names. It has always been so, however. Emigrating hordes drop all along their route the names of places brought from their native country. Thus Mr. Pococke's "India in Greece" tries to show from what part of the Punjaub the inhabitants of each section of Greece came, by means of similarity of the appellations of mountains, rivers, and towns.

Insignificant names, also, are bad ones; that is, those which are merely convenient, but have no meaning and no association, historic or otherwise. Such are alphabetical titles of streets, like those at South Boston, A Street, B Street, C Street, &c.; and the numerals which prevail in so many of our cities, as New York and Philadelphia: 1st Street, 2d Street, 3d Street; where your friend lives in East 18th or West 35th. These names are objectionable, because they fail in individuality and character, the two essential conditions of a good name. Even the convenience of such name is doubtful. It seems easy to find a person if he lives in 12th Street, because you can begin and count till you get to twelve. But, on the other hand, you are more likely to forget a number than a name; and, again, it is hard to recollect the location of a number. A Bostonian knows just where Water Street, Milk Street, Franklin Street, Summer Street, Bedford Street are; but suppose they were numbered 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, would it be so easy to remember their exact position? But it becomes more difficult when this is repeated over and over in half a dozen

cities. Drop me in London, in the Strand, and tell me to go to High Holborn ; put me down in Paris on the Italian Boulevard, and tell me to go to the Rue de Seine or the Rue Taitbout, and I should know the direction I ought to take ; but put me in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and tell me to go to the corner of Eighth and Pine, and I am more confused. These numbers bear no picture in the mind.

A name, good in itself, is bad when it is insignificant, — when it means nothing. The Continental Hotel is a good name, but it means nothing. That hotel in Philadelphia is no more a continental hotel, than the Astor House in New York, or Willard's in Washington. Will it be believed that the sponsors of that building rejected the fine historic and strictly Philadelphian designation of the "Penn Manor House," which was suggested to them, for the sake of taking this high-sounding but unmeaning word, "Continental" ? I am told that this "Continental Hotel" actually stands on the ground once belonging to William Penn, which fact, if true, would have given a perfect propriety to the proposed and rejected designation. Suppose our Faneuil Hall had been called City Hall or State House, how much less famous would it be ! But its individual and purely local name enabled it to take on its historic associations easily.

Second-hand names are always bad. The "Tremont House" was a very good name for a Boston hotel ; but when applied to a hotel in Chicago, where there is not even a single hill, it becomes insignificant. So "Revere" is a fine name for our hotel ; for it brings up associations of our famous Boston mechanics, and of the time before the Revolution, of which the poet sang, —

" When I was bound apprentice to Colonel Paul Revere,
Oh, what a lot of knick-nacks the British sent us here ! "

But if a hotel in St. Louis is called the Revere House, it seems impertinent.

On a board in front of a stage-office in Buffalo, we once read :
" Stages start from this house for China, Sardinia, Holland, Hamburg, Java, Sweden, Cuba, Havre, Italy, and Penn-Yan."

The last name, by the way, is one which has individuality and character, but is wanting in taste. It was a town settled by Pennsylvanians and Yankees, and therefore named Penn-Yan. A name originally commonplace or second-hand sometimes succeeds in getting an individual character in course of time. Our Boston has become so large and important a place, and has so much history connected with it, that it has displaced the original Boston from the minds of men, and has itself become the chief town of the name. Lyons, in France, once shared its name with several other towns. It was called *Lugdunum*, which means a hill by the water, and so Leyden and Laon had the same name; but now Lyons has an independent nominal existence. So Milan at first meant merely "in the middle of the country," and was *Mit-land*, a name of German origin. Now Milan, or *Milano*, stands alone. Naples means only the New City, or Newtown (*Neapolis*); but no one now thinks of that commonplace etymology. No one thinks that Naples is the same as Newton, Neuville, Neustadt, Newburgh, Villanuova, Villeneuve. Still less would any one imagine that "Carthage" means the New City, *Carthada* in the Punic having this signification. Tyre was the old city, — Carthage, the new one.

Names of places should be in good taste. All pedantic names and grotesque names should be avoided. We all know how singularly the State of New York was sprinkled with classic names by some travelling schoolmaster, and what ridicule has attached to the poor places ever since. Those which have become important, like "Syracuse" and "Utica," have conquered the ridicule; but how poor are such names of towns as Homer, Ovid, Marcellus, compared with Skeneateles, Canandaigua, and Cazenovia!

The original name of Cincinnati was a barbarous one, composed of four languages, Greek, Latin, French, and English. It was *Losantiville*, — meaning the town opposite to the mouth of the river Licking: *L.* for Licking; *os*, mouth; *árví*, opposite to; and *ville*, town. Pedantry could hardly go further than this.

Names which are picturesque, which have a pleasant sound

and pleasant associations, are in good taste. The Indian names are generally very agreeable, and it is much to be lamented that more of them had not been preserved. Perhaps it is not too late to restore some of the beautiful Indian names. It would be a pleasure to be able to date one's letters from "Winona," in Minnesota; or from "Osceola," in Iowa. In Michigan we have Kalasca, Oscoda, Iosco, Alcona, Tuscola. Sometimes a simple incident or fact gives a pleasant name, like "White Pigeon" in Michigan, or "Swan Rivers" in Wisconsin. "Mad River" is the name of three different towns, all in Ohio: it is not a very pretty name; but it is in reality identical with "Fontarabia" in Spain, which has an interesting sound enough.

In naming the streets of a city, it is desirable to make the names historic monuments of the men and events of past history. We erect, at considerable expense, statues—not always most pleasing—to Webster and Franklin and Everett. But, at no expense, we can preserve, in our streets, the memory of wise and good men, whose feet have formerly walked in them. Something of this has been done; but why should it not be carried out more systematically, and not be left to accident? We have in Boston, Hancock and Adams, Bowdoin and Boylston, Chauncy and Channing, Endicott and Leverett. But many of the most eminent of our historic characters are not thus remembered. Salverte, whose essay, in French, in two volumes, on the "Names of Men, Nations, and Places," is classical, says, "The history of the names of streets belongs to the history of a town; they often recall the periods of its enlargement and decoration. These names are also a sort of monuments for the history of manners and of civilization. . . . In our day, we in France have followed noble inspirations. The names of our streets have recalled our victories, our artists, our distinguished writers, our heroes who died fighting for their country. Such is the charm of this method that we wonder why it is not adopted wherever social man has a sense of his dignity. In London, I should involuntarily ask for the street of John Hampden, and that of Algernon Sydney. And I would go a step further. In the streets

which have an historic name, I would place on the wall a simple inscription, recalling to all minds the memorable occurrence, the services of an illustrious man, or the labors of a man of genius."

If M. Salverte were to come to Boston, being somewhat acquainted with its early and revolutionary history, he would ask, but ask in vain, for "Sam. Adams Street," "Ferdinando Gorges Street," "Miles Standish Street," "John Endicott Street," "Richard Saltonstall Street," "William Vassall Street," "Isaac Johnson Street," "William Pynchon Street." Nor would he find any suitable memorial of Governor John Winthrop, John Wilson, the first minister, or Mr. William Blackstone, the first inhabitant of Shawmut. Concerning the last, Mr. Drake, in his work on the History of Boston, says, "To this memorable man, as to others, before his time as well as since, justice will eventually be done. And though the noble city, whose foundation he laid, be the last to honor his name, it will one day, it is not to be doubted, pay the debt it owes his memory, with interest. Shall not the principal street in the city bear his name?"

Other names, of men distinguished in the early history of Boston, come up as we turn the pages of Mr. Drake's book. There are Roger Williams, proto-martyr of religious liberty in New England; John Eliot, first missionary to the Indians; William Bradford, John Cotton, Sir Henry Vane, Anne Hutchinson, Governor Bellingham, John Leverett, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Mayhew.

If these names are to be used for street appellations, as historic monuments to these early Boston pioneers, it seems necessary to give the whole of them. "Vane Street" would hardly suggest the great Puritan, but "Harry Vane Street" would carry with it a whole history. Doubtless, it would seem awkward at first to give the whole name. But, in a month's time, the awkwardness would pass by, and it would appear quite natural. Besides, we are not proposing to give such titles to all our streets, but only to a few. For example, on the new land now being made at the west of the city, how well it would be to have a series of such old historic streets.

The present purpose of those who name them seems to be to give fancy titles, such as Arlington, Newbury, Marlborough, Clarendon. The only distinguished person who ever bore the name of Arlington was a member of the Cabal, "the worst ministry," says Hume, "that England ever saw." Macaulay describes the character of Arlington as that of a man profoundly indifferent to all forms of government and all forms of religion. It was hardly necessary to give the name of such a man as that to one of our streets, nor that of "Marlborough" to another,—one of the basest statesmen England ever saw, who was ready to sell any master or betray any government. But these are probably fancy names, and given to the streets from a kind of school-girl taste, just as country people call their children Seraphina Betsey, or Gloriana Mary Jane.

It seems to us that a series of streets like this would make the city more interesting: Roger Williams Street, Harry Vane Street, Cotton Mather Street, John Eliot Street, John Winthrop Street; but, if this cannot be accomplished, if those in authority prefer pretty and romantic names to historic ones, may we not at least hope that the name of ARABELLA, which is both historic and beautiful, may be given to the principal avenue of this addition, now called Commonwealth Avenue? "Commonwealth Avenue" means nothing; but *Arabella* or *Arbella* was the name of the vessel which arrived in Salem River, June 12, 1630, with Governor Winthrop and some of his assistants, bringing the charter of the Massachusetts colony, and therewith the Government transferred thither. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts came over in the *Arabella*; on her deck was held our *Great and General Court*, before it was held on this continent; and she brought to America those who were to found our city of Boston. And in this vessel came with her husband, Isaac Johnson, the noble lady after whom the ship itself was called,—the Lady *Arbella* Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, one who left the luxury of her English home, to come to what seemed then a howling wilderness. She died within three months after her arrival, and was buried in Salem; but no monument has ever been

placed over her grave. Can we not afford to her the monument of a chief street in our city, of which her husband was one of the chief founders?

We have pleased ourselves with the idea that the magnificent avenue which is to go from the Public Garden to Brookline, shaded by rows of trees, and with stately homes on either side, is to bear one day the name of this generous and devoted woman, and is to be called *ARABELLA AVENUE*.

Is not, then, the naming of new streets a matter of some importance? and if so, ought it not to be done with judgment, and by persons of information and education?

How shall this be accomplished? Suppose that the Massachusetts Historical Society should petition the City Government of Boston to appoint a Commission, who shall have in charge the naming of new streets, and of proposing alterations in the names of old ones. These Commissioners should have no compensation, and should be selected by the proper authorities from among the members of the two Historical Societies. They ought also to be requested to propose Inscription to be put up against the walls of the streets to designate localities which have been distinguished in the history of the city by any memorable events. We shall thus be doing only simple justice to the past; we shall awaken in the minds of strangers and our own people the memories of great men and great deeds; we shall take from life something of its bare, hard outline, and fill the atmosphere around us with rich associations. With these records of the past around, life becomes more interesting. When the names of our heroes and martyrs are thus attached to the soil by a permanent record, their blood cries from the ground to their children, calling on them to imitate their virtues.

The antiquities of Boston are disappearing. The old Hancock House has been suffered to go. Very probably the Old State House, and perhaps Faneuil Hall, will soon be replaced by tall granite stores, their heavy walls resting on pipe-stems of slender iron. Let us, at least, have a few names of our streets, to show that Boston has a history, and is not as new as Chicago!

ART. III.—THE COMING ADMINISTRATION.

THE eighty years that have passed since the United States became a nation may be divided, politically, into two nearly equal periods, separated from each other by the "era of good feeling" of Monroe's second administration. The first of these periods, great as were the names that it boasts, and intense the party feeling during its existence, really decided very little that is of historical importance. The party issues were nationality and State rights, a strong and a weak government; but when the fight had been fought, and the "strict construction" party had obtained undisputed possession of the government, it turned out that the contest had been about a shadow after all, and that the Republican administration was obliged in self-defence to be as vigorous, as national, and as broad in its constructions, as that of its Federal rival. The second period, which has just closed, has, on the other hand, been marked by the most earnest struggle; and has determined the most vital issues of our history. In this period, the seeds of democracy planted by Jefferson sprang up to a vigorous, and even rank, growth; and the party which Jackson founded, taking its name and its principles from democracy, easily obtained control of the government. How far its claims to pure democracy were genuine, and how far spurious, need not here be discussed: it was by virtue of these claims that it attained its supremacy.

The supremacy of the Democratic party was neither an unmixed good nor an unmixed evil. It was necessary that its crude theories should for a while supersede those which inspired the old aristocratic institutions of the country; it was well, perhaps, that popular sovereignty, pure and undefiled, should have full swing for a while, that its true sphere and real power might in the end be determined with precision. It is certain that its generous and lofty, if somewhat impracticable, ideal, inspired many a young man with a love for right

and justice, which stood him in good stead in the dark days when the party from which he learned them proved false to its own teachings. On the other hand, we owe to this party of idealists a lamentable decay of political morality and a growing inefficiency of administration. With all their loud protestations of reverence for the popular will, and faith in the popular judgment, its leaders seem to have looked upon the people, after all, rather as their tool, than as the real sovereigns. Some genuine enthusiasts there were, no doubt; many cool heads, who honestly believed that the people were incompetent to judge for themselves, but could safely decide in whose hands to place power; many were self-seekers. In whatever proportion these classes were, it is at any rate the fact that the party, as a whole, may be well described as consisting of a body of ardent believers in radical democracy, led by a set of cunning demagogues.

The Whig party was not much better. If Democratic leaders flattered and cajoled the people to their support, their rivals were too timid to trust the people heartily, too deeply imbued with aristocratic ideas ever to gain their confidence. The Whig politicians were perhaps the most honest, and certainly the most thoughtful; but they were neither honest enough nor clear-sighted enough to profit by the blunders of their opponents. They eagerly adopted all the infamous political practices which came in with Jackson: they copied servilely and awkwardly every thing that was dishonorable and corrupting; and when the great historical party of justice and freedom committed the fatal mistake of volunteering in defence of slavery, the Whigs, in their folly, threw away the last chance of power. They might have won the free sentiment of the North by a frank and manly stand in behalf of freedom: they preferred, instead, to compete with their rivals in trafficking for Southern support, and tried to make the South believe that they could be equally well trusted to do its shameful work.

That the party of justice and freedom chose the side of oppression and slavery, is not perhaps so unaccountable a fact as it at first seems. With the leaders, of course, the only ques-

tion was, what would give them power; and, with the habitual short-sightedness of mean and selfish men, they preferred the temporary gains of treachery and insincerity, to the lasting reward of faithfulness, which might have been theirs. Had the Democratic party acted as its theories and antecedents demanded, its power in the North could never have been shaken; the North would have been a unit against Southern encroachments, the great struggle would have ended twenty years ago in the absolute prohibition of slavery extension, and slavery would gradually have died of itself. And while the action of the Democratic leaders is easy to explain, that of their followers is hardly less so. The party was not to be sure then, as now, made up almost wholly of the ignorant and brutish masses, who follow their leaders without question. Besides these, there were hosts of intelligent, solid men throughout the country, who were Democrats by conviction, and intensely attached to the democratic name. It was not hard to convince those who wished to be convinced, that the principles of democracy demanded an acquiescence in the existence of slavery; and from acquiescence it is not far to approval. The strength of the party has always consisted in its "mind-your-own-business" policy; and it was easy to apply this principle to the affairs of the South. What if my neighbor is a slave-owner? It is his sin, not mine. What if my neighbor is held in bondage? Am I my brother's keeper?

By this reasoning, the Democratic party suffered itself to become false to the principles which had placed it in power; and, being false, it forfeited the confidence of the country, and lost its hold of office. There are few more striking instances in history, of the retribution which want of fidelity brings upon itself. At three successive presidential elections, it has been decisively rebuked, and with increasing emphasis. With all its protestations of love for the people and faith in the people, it has shown the most incredible ignorance of what the people really require. It has acted upon the assumption that there was nothing too mean or selfish for the people to accept: events have shown that the party which

believed that the people wished honesty and justice, showed more sagacity, as well as more integrity.

The election which we have just gone through was the last and, we believe, final effort of the principle of slavery, to possess itself again of the government. It was defeated in the war, and this would have been the end of the contest but for President Johnson's treachery. In the summer of 1865, the leading men of the South were ready to submit to any terms that should be offered them, and to give any required guaranty of their accepting the situation in good faith. But having succeeded in gaining over the President to their side, they have spent four disastrous years, at an enormous expense of money and life, in increasing efforts to undo what the war had done. More than once the indolence or indifference of the North, the incompetence of its leaders, and the mismanagement of public affairs which could plausibly be laid to the Republican party, gave the Democratic managers reason for hope. Within a year, we have felt that nothing but the possession of so trusted a standard-bearer as General Grant could secure the victory to the Republican party; that it was a movement in behalf of him personally, not of his party, which was carrying him into office. But, as the time for the election drew near, the nation felt, as it had felt so often before, that whatever might be the shortcomings of the party in power, nothing better at least could be expected from its rival; that whoever was to rule the destinies of the nation, those men who had once so nearly ruined it, should not. If any thing was needed to strengthen this resolution, the Southerners themselves afforded it by the atrocities which abounded in their section; and we imagine that many an honorable Democrat shrank from casting a vote which should place Frank Blair high in office, and give the government to men of the stamp of "Brick" Pomeroy.

What the South needs above all things is peace; and to this there is no path but by recognizing frankly the changed condition of society, and learning its requirements. When this is done, the Forrests and Wade Hamptons will lose influence; and men like Longstreet, Maynard, and Holden will be in-

trusted with the work of reconstituting political society. Emigrants will throng to these attractive regions; manufactures will spring up, education will flourish; and the South will at last understand, to its astonishment, that it has all these years been living in a middle age of its own, and that the nineteenth century is something very different. The late election gives us the first sure promise of this consummation; for it is the first event that has proved to the Southerners that the North was really in earnest, and would turn its attention seriously to no other political question until this one was fairly disposed of.

The nation has spoken, then, for a last time; has declared it to be its will that the re-organization of the South, as established by Congress, shall stand, and that order and security shall reign through that portion of our country. At once, as by magic, violence and bloodshed cease; rebel politicians confess that they have played their last card, and lost the game. All parties and all classes throng to hail the coming man. The past is gone and buried: a new era is at hand.

We believe, indeed, that the past is gone, and that its issues are dead ones. Whether a new era is before us, and the third period of our history upon which we are now entering shall be honorable and glorious, rests with the present generation to determine. Not that one man can undo all the mischief that his predecessor has done, or can; single-handed, exorcise the spirits of evil that are now running riot in the land. The hope that we have, comes from a faith that the election of General Grant is a sign that the people are determined to put an end to this present condition of things; and, if they are so determined, it will be done. Neither do we dare to prophesy another "era of good feeling," to divide the issues of the past from the new ones that are to arise. There are indications that all the best elements in the land are gathering around our new chief, ready to give him all the support he needs in a truly unpartisan administration. But the power of names is enormous, and there are Republicans enough who will stand aloof from an impartial executive; Democrats enough who will oppose any thing that bears the

name Republican. And if all the best elements are ready to welcome the new era, we must remember that the evil elements are numerous and powerful; and that, if they cannot gain the control, they will be active and unscrupulous in opposition. Never were such diabolical sentiments openly professed as in the recent campaign; never were corruption and fraud so audacious; never was the government of a civilized country so at the mercy of thieves as ours at present; never, in short, was wickedness so busy and defiant in the face of an enlightened public sentiment as now. We have no right, therefore, to expect harmony; we shall be fortunate if the new administration meets with only patriotic and honorable opposition.

General Grant's administration will find work enough to its hands, and it is curious that its real work was hardly foreshadowed by the issues of the canvass. The issue upon which the battle was fought was, as we have said, a purely negative one; not whether any thing should be done, but whether the work of Congress should be undone. No doubt some matters of minor importance still remain to be attended to, to finish the work of reconstruction. Among these minor matters, we should almost be inclined to reckon the amendment to the Constitution, which is now under discussion, forbidding any laws which discriminate on the ground of race or color. Four and a half years ago we urged such an amendment, in this journal,* as imperatively demanded by the situation. We believe that then it could have been carried, and would have prevented vast mischief. Now it would be salutary, and ought to be adopted. Still, the battle has been fought without it, at great odds; and we can dispense with it still longer, if we choose.

It is fortunate, if there is any prospect at all of a lull in party warfare, that this is so. It gives hope that sincere patriots, without regard to old party lines, may be willing to work together for the new and vital issues. Men who have worked stoutly against the Republican party and its recon-

* *Christian Examiner* for July, 1864.

struction policy, may with perfect consistency abandon resistance when it has become hopeless, and turn with impartial minds to consider new questions as they arise. No sincere men of any party will resist measures which look towards the restoration of honest and efficient administration; no man who understands the laws of finance, can favor crude and ignorant financial measures; no lover of peace, in any part of the country, can help longing to see our Southern States peaceful and prosperous.

We look, therefore, to see General Grant supported by great numbers of his present opponents, and perhaps deserted by many who now rank as Republicans. If we should attempt to guess the future, we should say that many conservatives of the North, who have until now deprecated sweeping legislation, and many veteran statesmen of the South, who naturally enough held back as long as there seemed a possibility of regaining any portion of their old privileges, will accept that genuine conservatism which aims to preserve all there is honorable and worthy in our politics; and that many impatient radicals will be disgusted with a radicalism which stops short of their theories. It would not surprise us to see Mr. Orr and Mr. Stanbery friends of the administration, and General Butler and Mr. Ashley affiliating with Mayor Hoffman and Mr. Pendleton.

This is, however, but idle conjecture; it is better worth while to cast a glance at the principal questions of policy that lie before the new President, and of which he and the Republican party must take the responsibility.

Chief of all, is corruption. We can live as a nation with high taxes and unwise laws, we can endure very well some elements of aristocracy; but we cannot but fall into national ruin, unless some check is found for the awful corruption of administration. This is a matter in which good men of all shades of opinion ought to unite; and it is the lasting shame of our politics, that the party in opposition have so far resisted reform, because it was proposed by Republicans; and the party in power, because it would put an end to their own profits. The practice of placing the public offices at the dis-

posal of Congressmen, as a means of reward and source of emolument for active partisans, is as well established in the Republican party as the Democratic. We have hardly a right any longer to plume ourselves on our freedom from English abuses; it is none the less nepotism, because the office is given in return for favors received; it is none the less a sinecure, that the work is really done by clerks and assistants. And in England these abuses are every day disappearing; here, they are constantly on the increase. Members of Congress do not wish a reform that will deprive them of the power of getting "fat" offices for their brothers, cousins, or nephews; that is the reason that Mr. Jenckes's and Mr. Patterson's bills were passed over at the last session of Congress. But this will not do much longer. The country is beginning to be alive to its own perils, and to demand some hopeful measure of reform; if the present Congress will not give it, the next must.

The question next in importance — first of all, we would say, if the corruption of the government were less horrible — is that of the finances, and, above all, the currency. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that to the disordered condition of the currency, we owe the chief part of the extravagance and dishonesty in mercantile circles, and so much of the corruption in public offices as is not due to our imbecile method of filling these offices. Opportunity is the great incentive to crime; and it is our inflated and unstable currency that gives opportunity for such wholesale swindles as have become habitual in our business community. It is not for us, in the general glance at the political situation, — which alone we attempt, — to discuss the various financial schemes which are before the public. This alone would require a long article. It is enough to say, that, until the currency of the country has returned to a specie basis, there can be no stable prosperity, and no recovery from the fever of speculation which has been raging ever since the currency became diseased. Whatever policy will most speedily and surely restore the specie standard should be the policy of the Republican party, if it will earn a right to continue in power.

The currency is, however, only one of the financial questions which are pressing for solution. The whole subject of taxation and public indebtedness is in a condition most disgraceful to the national intelligence. The internal revenue system needs to be thoroughly revised; the national bank system should be examined, and its defects at least remedied. The entire abolition of the credit currency — the so-called "paper" money — is perhaps too much to hope for at present. As for the tariff, that question, so fiercely debated still, will, we believe, settle itself in due time. What the country needs, is stable and consistent duties, rather than high or low ones; what manufacturers want, is rather certainty than high protection; they can adapt themselves to any scale of duties, but are ruined by constant change. For the present, at least, we must have as high duties for revenue as the condition of trade will admit, and the sober sense of the country will not allow them to go much higher. By the time the pressing needs of the Treasury are satisfied, the country will, in all likelihood, be ready to acquiesce in practical free trade.

A third question, is that of the corporations. It was one of the genuine instincts of the Democratic party, in its better days, to distrust corporations; at present, it is almost as unequivocally their tool as it once was the tool of slaveholders. In those early days, to be sure, it was an almost unreasoning, and certainly unreasonable, dread of corporations of every form; it did not distinguish between those which menaced our liberties and those which did not. At present, moneyed corporations wield a power hardly second to that of slavery in its best days, and even more threatening to the prosperity of our Northern communities. One man, under the name of a corporation, is even now the strongest power in the State of New York; and his power is increasing every day. Elsewhere it is still the corporation, not yet subdued by one man. We look back with complacency to the days when freebooting barons levied black-mail in all parts of Europe, and of a sudden we wake to the reality that they are doing the same thing by us. We contrast our freedom with the servitude of the old monarchies; and, lo! we are ourselves the bond sub-

jects of railroad companies, express companies, and professional politicians. We mention this question of corporations among the national issues to be met by General Grant's administration, because it has already a national importance ; and it is the belief of many that nothing but the strong arm of the nation can put an end to the present abuses of corporate power. If we were to undertake to prophesy what will be the next question upon which parties will split, now that slavery is dead, we should be inclined to say that it will be this. Like slavery, the corporations are a giant power in the land ; like it, they control legislatures and bribe judges. Unlike slavery, they have every man and woman in their power ; they can plunder at their will without redress or punishment. And because their power is so subtle and intangible, because their oppression consists in numberless petty acts, not in an outward despotism, it will be all the harder to shake. For this, there must be an effort as determined, and perhaps as long continued, as that which overthrew slavery.

The three subjects which we have enumerated — corruption, the finances, and corporations — are the three which demand immediate and vigorous action ; the first two will not admit of delay. To be sure, General Grant was not chosen as the candidate of reform, but of conservatism, of maintaining the present law ; but none the less his election means reform : this is the one thing nearest the popular heart. We have firm faith that he will infuse into the civil department of the government that strong sense of integrity, honor, and fidelity, which distinguish his own profession ; and if the rumors are well founded which look to placing in the Treasury the one functionary who has made the subject of finances in all its aspects a special study, we may have the most cheerful hopes for the future.

While the above are the reforms of a *national* character which imperatively demand consideration, it may be worth while to cast a glance at certain other questions of less distinctively national importance, which have attracted much attention, and must soon be met in some way, whether by State

or Federal action. We refer to the discussions which have been so widely carried on, as to the true theory of representation, and the method of making nominations. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the theory of personal representation the only true theory. It is the people that are represented, and not any special locality or district; and by the principle of personal representation, the people would be fairly and adequately represented, while by the present system they are represented most unequally and unsatisfactorily. By the present method, we can neither expect all shades of opinion to have their due proportion of influence, nor — which is the chief thing after all — to have the party in power itself represented by its best men, because the district system restricts unnaturally the power of selection, and gives undue authority to local politicians and party managers. Somewhere we hope to see the experiment fairly tried of choosing some legislative body, — a State Senate or City Council would be well adapted to this on the principle of personal representation, — in order that it may be fairly tested whether a theory, so perfect as a theory, will work satisfactorily in practice.

If the system of representation were organized as it should be, the nomination of candidates could be left very much to itself; for the overweening power of professional politicians would then be destroyed, and they would have no such temptation as now to pack and manipulate caucuses. Until then, we may look with hopeful interest to the experiments which are making in Pennsylvania to procure better nominations. We understand that they are working very well, and have already resulted in a marked improvement in the character of the nominations. And, however it may be with these experiments and theories, we may be sure that when the broad stream of corruption is checked by an upright administration and a wise organization of the civil service, it cannot fail to re-act healthfully upon the petty immoralities of primary meetings. At least, the principal temptation will no longer exist; and the "small fry" of wire-pullers — bad as they are — are not bad enough to engage in corruption for mere pleasure, without expecting any gain to themselves.

ART. IV. — THE WITNESS OF PAUL.

IN the momentous controversies that are going on in the theological world respecting the real truth and nature of Christianity, it would seem just that more importance should be attached to the testimony of this apostle than is generally given to it. All things are indeed providential, and no event or incident is more specially so than another. A divine purpose runs through all things; but now and then the purpose is more distinctly visible to us than at other times. And so it is here. It seems to have been necessary that, after Jesus had died, and the new religion was to set forth on its conquering march, some mighty independent witness should appear, who, by his character, education, experience, and circumstances, should be qualified to bear testimony to the marvellous events that had recently taken place, interpret to the ages the essence and genius of the rising faith, and inaugurate the grand missionary movement by which, in time, the gospel should establish its universal empire. The need was there; and there, too, was the man to supply it. No one, it may be truly said, who has ever trod the earth, the Master himself alone excepted, has exerted a more powerful influence on the spiritual thought and life of Christendom than he. No one, of all the sons of men, has presented to the world a higher type of intellectual and moral greatness. And what is the testimony which he gives us?

First, he is a witness to us of *the general truth of the Gospel narratives, and of the sacred historic reality of Jesus Christ.*

The ground of the controversy, to which we here allude, has been shifted not a little during our own century. The question is not so much now whether miracles are possible, or whether Christianity is a divine revelation. It is rather, whether the four Gospels are substantial and genuine history or a collection mainly of fancies and legends; and whether the august personage whom they present to us is a reality or

a myth. For, says the author of a recent publication, "Of the real Jesus we know but little with certainty." The writings which claim to be the productions of the Evangelists, were composed, it is declared, some time in the second century, — no one knows by whom, no one can tell where. They are filled with uncertain traditions and incredible stories, with gross superstitions and irreconcilable statements; they only contain "a kernel of fact," and it is absurd to rely upon them as a generally authentic account of what actually took place. The Christ whom they reveal to us, moreover, is not a real historic personage, but is only, at best, a fictitious, idealized product of the human mind, which, craving some deity in mortal form whom it could somehow worship, thus itself created the object it demanded.

Grant, then, for a moment, that the Gospels *were* written some time during the second, or near the close of the first, century, — just when, where, and by whom, no one can say, — although it is of course a concession which the Christian world is not prepared in truth to make. What is the witness of Paul?

The apostle's conversion Renan assigns to the year 38. The three subsequent years were spent in Damascus, and in Hauran, a province of Arabia, in both of which places he doubtless preached that Jesus was the Son of God. Returning to Damascus, he goes to Jerusalem, and thence to Antioch. Again he revisits Jerusalem with Barnabas, to carry alms to the Christian community there. Still later, he once more sets out from Antioch, with the same companion, on his first great missionary tour. In the year 52, both are sent together a second time to Jerusalem; now, however, to consult the apostles in relation to the subject of circumcision. It was during the decade which immediately followed, that, as Renan says, Paul's Epistles were, for the most part, written; and the accomplished Frenchman adds, that "not the slightest doubt has been raised by serious criticism against the authenticity of the Epistle to the Galatians, the two Epistles to the Corinthians, or the Epistle to the Romans; while the arguments on which are founded the attacks on the two Epistles to the Thes-

salonians, and that to the Philippians, are without value." The objections against certain others of the Epistles, he declares, are equally indecisive. The general voice of the ablest critics and scholars, of whatever school, respecting the date and authenticity of these various writings, has been substantially the same.

Here, then, we have one who, not in the second century, but only twenty years after the close of Christ's ministry, began to pen these immortal Epistles, and to testify of what he himself had seen and heard and felt; a witness in regard to whose existence, identity, labors, productions, and career we are as well assured as we are of any chapter of human history. Here, rather than upon the Gospel narratives, the critics might be challenged to commence their destructive work; for, as James Martineau aptly says, "If it be a just principle in historical criticism to proceed from the more known to the less known,—to begin from a date that yields contemporary documents, and work thence into the subjacent and superjacent strata of events,—the elucidation of Christian antiquity must take its commencement from the Epistles of St. Paul."

But not alone the position of Paul in respect of time, but the experience he had, and the circumstances in which he was placed during the twenty years that elapsed from the death of Jesus to the production of the first Epistles, served to qualify him for the word he was to speak to the Christian centuries. He had not indeed enjoyed, like the twelve, the daily society of the Master. He knew not the Christ "after the flesh." His acquaintance and intimacy with the apostles themselves was limited. Indeed, he claimed not to have received from any man the new light that had come to him. Yet still it was through his relations with the disciples, that he must have largely acquired the fresh spiritual treasures which he now possessed. At Damascus, immediately after his conversion and on his subsequent visit there, he was with the Christians, whom persecutions at Jerusalem had driven thither, and whom he himself had so recently pursued, to bring them back, bound, to the chief priests, but whom now

he recognized as "brethren in the Lord." From these exiled disciples he must have learned not a little of Jesus and the apostles. He has a growing desire to meet some of these bosom companions of Christ; and he accordingly, on his return from Arabia, repairs to Jerusalem, and spends "fifteen days" with Peter, and sees also "James, the Lord's brother." Repeatedly he visits the holy city, associating and consulting with the rulers and elders of the Church established there, receiving from James and Peter and John the right hand of fellowship, mingling and conversing with many who had seen and known the Christ, and who had been the witnesses of his wonderful career, and interesting himself, as we can easily suppose such a convert would do, in all that related to the new religion, and to the extraordinary personage who had introduced it among men. For here at Jerusalem was the very centre of influence and operations for the new faith; here the whole story of the Master was well known. It was only a few brief years ago that he here lived, labored, suffered, died. Living testimonies were to be found at every turn. A mind like that of Paul, and having such a profound concern in the things that belonged to the Christian religion, would readily learn under such circumstances, not only the leading, but the more detailed, facts of the life and character of his Lord.

It is more than probable, also, that various written memoirs of Jesus were already in existence, containing sketches of his life and collections of his sayings; memoirs which, perhaps, served as a basis for the narratives of the Evangelists. For it was an age of historical composition; and it would have been strange indeed if faithful disciples had not asked for, and competent friends had not prepared, some such memorials of one whom they all loved and revered so deeply, and whose history had been so strange and unearthly. It would seem, in view of his various quotations from, and allusions to, the words of Jesus, that Paul must have had access to some such sources of information.* "There can be no doubt," says

* Compare 1 Cor. xi. 23, seq.; Rom. xvi. 19; 1 Cor. xiv. 20, &c.

Neander, "that Paul made use of written memoirs of the life of Christ." The Gospels, as we now have them, were confessedly not yet in existence. The original historical records and traditions, to which we have referred, evidently furnished the apostle the germs of his future instructions, and were the foundation of his extended usefulness, although the communication of the divine Spirit was necessary to make them effectual to their proper purpose and end.

Taking into consideration, then, these sources of information which were open to Paul, and also the time and circumstances in which he lived, and his acquaintance with the scenes and the companions of his Lord's ministry, it may surely be said that (to say nothing of more miraculous visions and experiences) he must have gained from it all a substantially correct knowledge of who and what Jesus was, of the nature of his spirit and life, and of the general events, labors, and details of his history.

But the mental and moral character of the apostle is such as to assure us that he will be, altogether, a competent and trustworthy witness. It has perhaps been the unbiassed, concurrent testimony of the Christian ages, that, in all the essentials of a strong, educated, upright, disinterested, and heroic manhood, Paul stands without a peer. His intellectual powers were of the highest order; his mind was disciplined in the best schools and under the most accomplished teachers; and he was well versed in Jewish, if not also in Gentile, lore. By nature, he was endowed with a lofty imagination and a lyric fire, that could rise to the grandest poetic conceptions and to the sublimest eloquence, and with a power of logical thought and a skill of argumentation, by which he could reach down to the very depths of mightiest problems. Said Coleridge, "I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence." Great in ability and eminent in learning, he was equally remarkable for his moral qualities, having an unusual measure of candor, charity, unselfishness, purity, courage, and rectitude. It is not conceivable that such a man could have been actuated by unworthy motives and base designs. It was not possible for such a

one, thus endowed and thus ennobled, to be a morbid enthusiast, a fiery fanatic, or a wicked impostor. Here was one who knew well how to weigh evidence, and who was just to use it to legitimate ends. A divine health breathes through all his writings. Earnest sincerity, clearness of vision, strength of soul, unconquerable trust in eternal things, and the highest, richest life of God in humanity, are here disclosed to view. This is the very witness in all the world whose word we would hear; and what does he say?

His Epistles, whose authenticity no reasonable critic, rationalist or orthodox, questions, and which were written by the person and under the circumstances described, give us, in themselves, the great cardinal facts of the history of Jesus, and a vivid portraiture of his spirit and character. They teach us that he was born of woman, and was of the seed of David; that he was "made under the law;" that he was clothed with miraculous power; that he commissioned the apostles to preach in his name; that he was betrayed by his enemies; that the rulers of Israel compassed his crucifixion; that he died and was buried; that the third day he rose again; and that he ascended into heaven. The great fact of the resurrection which is recorded in the Gospels, and which so gloriously unveils to us the future life, is here sealed by testimony as strong as that which confirms, we had almost said, any event in the history of the past. Paul tells us that Peter and James, whom, as we have before remarked, he had met at various times, had seen the risen Lord. The twelve, others of whom he had also met, had beheld him. The returning conqueror of the grave had been seen, too, by five hundred at once, of whom the greater part were still living when Paul wrote his sublime chapter upon this subject. Last of all, he was seen by the apostle himself, "as of one born out of due time." How shall we explain this evidence, which thus comes to us from such a date and from such a source, except on the hypothesis that what is related is credible and true?

Paul, moreover, testifies not only to the principal facts of Christ's life as narrated in the Gospels, but also to the exalted

divine character and spirit of the Master. "Who knew no sin," is the language of the apostle concerning him. "Now I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," he says again. "And being found in fashion as a man," he also writes, "he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." And such is the testimony that runs through all the Epistles, witnessing abundantly, as it does, to the holy temper and heavenly beauty of the soul and life of Jesus. "Of the real Jesus we know but little with certainty," is it said? Paul, in virtue of his conversion, circumstances, character, and words, as also of his deeds, is himself a standing and impressive rebuke to such an unwarrantable assumption. They who deny the truth and credibility of the Gospel history, must first get rid of that monumental fact, Paul himself; Paul, in all that he was and said and did; nay, Paul, in all the influence which he has exerted upon the centuries that have succeeded him. Nay, more: they must explain the existence of the Christian Church, the rise and progress and triumphs of the religion which came by Jesus Christ, which numbers to-day hundreds of millions as its votaries, and extends its sway into every land all over the earth, and which is the strength and consolation of countless souls, as it is the light and hope of the future of mankind. These better fortunes of the race are not builded upon a myth or a legend; the foundation on which they rest is not a delusion and a lie. Their existence demands a more rational explanation; and the only rational explanation which can be given them is, that the sacred witness which Paul has bequeathed to us, and which is in such general harmony with the witness of the Evangelists, is substantially true. These vast and glorious results require an adequate cause; and the records of the apostles are the justifying prophecy of all that has happened in the ages which have since elapsed. No: there stands yet in the extended landscape of the past the central, colossal figure of the historic Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and near him also stands the form of the majestic witness, Paul, pointing to him the passing and endless processions of those who believe on his name.

Paul, secondly, is a witness to *the doctrine of a divine Redeemer, and to the progressive, expansive nature of the gospel*; showing us that *Christian faith and spiritual freedom* are consistent with each other, and are most harmoniously and most naturally united in a true disciple's belief and experience.

The apostle preached that Jesus was the Christ, but not that he was God. With him the Messiah was a created, subordinate being. He was "the first-born of every creature," He was "found in fashion as a man." He was "the man Christ Jesus." Yet no low humanitarian view can find countenance or support from Paul's Epistles. The twenty years' interval we have spoken of, and all the scenes and society in which our witness moved during that time, could not have allowed the picture which was thence transferred to his mind to become so idealized that he might say that the "real Jesus" was "lost" to him. Grant that a certain degree of idealization was inevitable from the lapse of a score of years, yet it may also be said that it required some such remove from the crucifixion to enable one to form a just estimate of him who had lived and died. What was lost to Paul in one way was made up to him in another. We know our friends better after they have passed away than while they are with us. Paul stood at the right point, was in the right conditions, had the right experience, and was furnished with the right endowments and training, to apprehend the true spiritual Christ. The real Jesus needs to be made known to us in his *divine*, as well as in his *human*, aspects; for the two words, we think, may be properly used to describe things, which, if not essentially different, are yet somehow dissimilar. If the Synoptics present him to us as the Son of man, Paul reveals him to us as the Son of God; and Christ was both of these. The Epistles declare to us that he is "the image of the invisible God," that "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," that "in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and that God "hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven,

and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." And, in the apostolic form of benediction, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" is associated with "the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost." From the friends and companions, the places and the associations, the remembrances and traditions, of the Master, there arose before the clear, unclouded vision of Paul this perfect image, now passed into the heavens, but evermore commanding his deepest reverence and his most adoring love. Sitting at the right hand of God, the Christ was pre-eminently in spiritual union and oneness with the Highest, yet dwelt richly by faith in all believing, consecrated souls on earth, and was the leader and the hope, to the end of time, of the redemptive mission of the Church and of the fortunes of the race. So beautiful and glorious was this ascended and transfigured object of the apostle's faith and love, that it more and more enthralled his senses, fired his heart, kindled his enthusiasm, commanded his energies, and subsidized every power of his body and his soul in the most heroic and undying service of God and man.

Yet in this thralldom to God in Christ, by which every thought and imagination was "brought into captivity," there was the largest liberty and the noblest progress. The hour of Paul's conversion was the hour of his emancipation. Henceforth, he exulted in the most unbounded freedom. To him the gospel was the synonym of all that was broad, liberal, untrammelled, and expansive. Christianity was something that was to unfold in ever-enlarging proportions and ever-growing beauty as the generations should roll on. He himself amplified its truths and doctrines, gave it fresh and multiplying applications to duty and life, and increased its fulness and power. Not that he introduced into it any new, essential element. He found rather, in the gospel, the vital germs of all its future growth. His was the mission, in part, to assist mightily in quickening and developing these germs into the magnificent life that awaited them, and to make them the priceless possession of all the children of God. Christi-

anity must claim universal scope and beneficence. It was not the religion of a nation, but the religion of the world. Christ had died for all, and God was the Father of all. Paul felt the moral oneness of the race. God had "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." And in every soul, which was thus created in the divine image, the apostle recognized the law which Heaven had implanted there. To that sacred law he ever appealed. Each man was to be a king and a priest unto God; every principle of caste or privilege must perish; all partition walls must crumble; the reign of exclusiveness, alienation, and intolerance must come to an end; and the kingdom of liberty, peace, and love must be established for ever.

The Jews, who had been converted to the new faith, generally passed out from under the yoke of their bondage by a gradual process, and for a long time wished to see no rupture between the law and the gospel. But Paul, quickly apprehending the nature of the dispensation that came by Jesus Christ, broke the connection which bound it to the ancient Judaism, and gave it the needed wide and gracious sweep. Was there a party that contended that only such as had been circumcised should partake of the blessings of the Messianic kingdom? Paul regarded the inherited rite as worthless in the presence of the transcendent good that all were now permitted to make their own, declaring, "Circumcision avail-eth nothing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." The Mosaic dispensation, with its authoritative rules respecting sabbaths, feast-days, meats and sacrifices, and ceremonial observances, was abrogated. The perfect law of liberty and love was ordained. Not this portion of time nor that, not these interests nor those, were alone to be consecrated; but all time and all interests were to bear the seal of sanctification. The sharp distinction between the heavenly kingdom on the earth, and the domain of secular things which we call "the world," was to be done away by the resistless march of Christianity into the outlying realms, until they, too, should confess its triumphant sway. The vision that enraptured and inspired the soul of the great apostle was that of a redeemed humanity,

a regenerated world. And it was in the advocacy of these grand, eternal truths, which we have here hinted at, that Paul exhibited a tenderness and liberality of feeling, a spirit of candor and magnanimity, and a greatness of courage and power, that stamp him as the noblest chieftain of the Church militant.

But, be it observed, no boldness of innovation, no free, progressive thought or action, no effort at reform, or dream of his aspiring soul, ever for one moment abated his faith in Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. Every brave, advancing step in the direction of liberty and growth carried him not away from, but only nearer to, the Christ. When he forgot the things which were behind, and pressed on to the things before, it was only to follow hard after the Master, and to be more and more like him. Although he never put the Son in the place of the Father, yet as years went on, and his life grew and rounded out into its full-orbed splendor, he seemed to gain a higher and still higher sense of the majesty and loveliness of the glorified man of Nazareth. All that he continued to hear about him from those who had seen him, listened to him, walked with him, dwelt with him, and loved him, as well perhaps as from those who rejected him, had no effect to diminish the strength of his attachment or the ardor of his reverence, but only to make this celestial being still more and more the object of his loyalty and the wonder of his soul. His faith waxed and not waned to the end, while yet he was true, to the last, to the great principle of spiritual freedom. He illustrated in himself, and impressively commends to us, the truth, that faith and freedom are not only compatible with, but are properly inseparable from, each other, — the immortal truth, that if the Son shall make us free, we shall be free indeed. Larger liberty than that which Christ gives none of us need. Limitations there must always be. They are recognized by those who would shut out from their fellowship dissidents from the creed involved in the phrase "the kingdom of God," as well as by those who exclude from their ranks persons rejecting the name "Christian." Atheists, positivists, and materialists, however pure and benevolent, are debarred

from co-operation with the theist by this requirement of a belief in a personal God, who is at the same time declared to be a King. We all act within limitations of our own making, and cannot well help it; and none are more surely inclosed within these circumscribed boundaries than those who claim a monopoly of the freedom of the Spirit. When, with the vision and play of our souls, we have swept the theatre of Paul's action, and fathomed the deeps of his thought, and mounted to the empyrean of his faith, it will perhaps be time to ask for more that lies beyond. The Christ of Paul is the Christ of Liberty, — the Christ of Progress.

Thirdly, Paul is a witness to us, in his own character and life, of *the sanctifying, exalting influence of the Christian faith upon the soul that truly accepts it, and of the service which the soul in turn may render to Christianity.* He shows us what the gospel may do for us and what we may do for the gospel.

Such an illustration of the power of Christianity to energize, ennoble, and redeem, as we have presented to us in the case of the Gentile apostle, is no slight evidence of the divine origin and inestimable worth of our holy religion. Grand were the qualities and talents with which nature endowed him. But, under the rule and discipline of his Jewish education, he had become narrow, prejudiced, bigoted, and cruel, — living in the letter rather than in the spirit of the law; confining his fellowship and sympathy, as "a Hebrew of the Hebrews" might be expected to do, to the sect of the Pharisees; breathing out "threatenings and slaughter" against the disciples of Jesus, whom he persecuted from city to city, "haling men and women to imprisonment and death," and making havoc of the Church. What was the particular method or nature of his conversion, it is not important here to inquire. The fact is the great and essential thing. Whatever explanation we may give of the remarkable occurrence, it is undeniable that, from being one of the "straitest sect" of the Jews, he became suddenly an ardent convert to the faith which he had contemned, and a most potential force in advancing its spread and conquests. It is equally true that a radical change was introduced into all his temper, thought, and life. His

previous narrowness of mind and exclusiveness of sympathy gave place to wider views and more generous affiliations. His harsh judgments and vengeful deeds melted down into tender pity for human weakness, a yearning, subduing love of souls, a never-dying devotion to others' weal. Still preserving all the lion-like courage and puissant strength of his nature, he was yet as gentle as a woman and humble as a child. Filled with plans and purposes that embraced in their scope no less limited a field than the planet, and were bounded by no briefer duration of fulfilment than eternity itself, his almost every aspiration, hope, prayer, and effort was redolent of the very grace of God. Living in the world, he was yet lifted above it. Earth had lost its power over his mind and heart. He dwelt in communion with the Eternal Spirit, kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon his risen and adorable Master, and held in a firm and adamant grasp the unseen and eternal realities. So exalted at times he appeared to be in thought and contemplation; so borne aloft by the power of love and on the wings of faith above the grovelling and transitory things of this lower sphere; so lost in his supreme, transcendent devotion to the work and to the will of God, that he might well feel that he was ready to be offered before his hour of departure came, and so to be translated evermore to be with Christ. Paul's was the pure and practical wisdom of the best of the ancient sages, — Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus. But he had also that which they had not, the rich and sanctifying grace of God, which fills the soul with holy love and anchors it securely in the spiritual and everlasting.

If this is what Christianity did for the apostle, see what the apostle did for Christianity. For him, in truth, "to live" was "Christ." Having caught from the new faith and its risen Exemplar their all-informing spirit, — the spirit of disinterested love, of willing self-sacrifice, and of entire consecration to the service of God and humanity, — he henceforth devotes himself, body, mind, heart, and soul, to the furtherance of the great cause that was intrusted so largely to his care. To redeem the souls of men from sin and sorrow, and to convert the world to truth and righteousness, and to fill the whole

earth with peace and praise, — this, so far as he may be able to accomplish it, is the one commanding object of his life; the key that explains the career which awaits him. That he may promote this sublime work and end, he counts nothing dear to himself. For this he becomes houseless and homeless. For this he is content, while fulfilling his apostolic mission, to earn his support as a tent-maker, and to “endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.” For this he accepts wandering and weariness, cold and nakedness, hunger and thirst, shipwreck and imprisonment, stonings and scourgings, perils in the city and perils in the wilderness, care, discouragement, misrepresentation, and enmity. For this he penetrates the inhospitable deserts of Arabia, and is in danger of assassination at Damascus; encounters the hatred of the Jews and the jealousy of the Christians at Jerusalem; flies on his missionary errand to Syria and Cilicia; hastens to plant the cross at Antioch, “the eastern centre of Greek fashion and Roman luxury;” speeds next his way to the island of Cyprus, and proclaims there the crucified One amidst the blended systems of Oriental idolatry; sails on to the shores of Pamphylia, visits the temple-crowned city of Perga, strikes into the mountainous and robber-infested regions toward the north, and announces to the thronging crowds of the Pisidian Antioch the advent of the Messiah’s reign; presses on to Iconium, whence he is driven forth by hostile Jews and Gentiles alike, — to Lystra, where he is first worshipped as Mercury, and then insulted, stoned, and cast out as dead, — and yet to Derbe, where a brief rest from persecution is only a continued toil in his ministry; retraces his steps to Syria, and thence to Jerusalem, to contend with his brethren for a free, unfettered faith; revisits the distant cities of the Gentiles, in which he had sown the heavenly seed, to see that the harvest shall not be lost; extends his travels into the remotest provinces of Asia Minor; beholds the vision and hears the voice of the man of Macedonia, saying to him, “Come over and help us;” crosses the *Ægean* Sea, in obedience to the celestial summons, and, setting the first Christian foot on Western soil, claims Europe as the destined possession of the world’s

Redeemer. Time fails to recount his scourging and incarceration at Philippi; the tumult and mob which were excited against him at Thessalonica and Berea; his dispute with the Stoics and Epicureans in brilliant Athens; his labors and trials in profligate and wealthy Corinth; his contests with the beasts of Ephesus; his arraignments before Felix and Festus at Cæsarea; the disaster at Malta, and the cruel fate at Rome, where martyrdom closes the scene, and where again we seem to hear the words, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." It is hardly a wonder that Lord Lyttleton should exclaim, "The conversion and apostleship of St. Paul alone, duly considered, is of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation."

What the Christian faith did for Paul, and what Paul did for it, may somehow be illustrated in our own characters and lives, if we only will. We may all of us, in some humble yet worthy way, penetrate into the essence, comprehend the genius, and manifest the power, of the religion of Jesus Christ. What we need as individuals, and what we need as a denomination,* is to catch more of the faith and fire of this great saint and apostle of the Christian Church; to have more of his martyr-like spirit; to be more baptized, like him, into the divine life; more fully to die with him to self and the world in the love of souls, and in our hold upon the cross; and to run, with his swift feet, to do God's will. With the large and genial views, the glad tidings of great joy, that are in no small measure committed to our trust, what might we not be and do to the honor and praise of our God, if only some of these all-powerful inspirations of Paul were to descend and fill our souls! What boundless, beneficent results might we not reasonably anticipate, were we only to take the precious words of our debated Preamble, and transmute them into deeds! What an ample and lasting share it would be ours to realize of the glories of the Church triumphant, if we, too,

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would practically bear *our* faithful witness to the verities of the gospel history, to the united faith and freedom of our holy religion, and to the blessings and burdens of Christianity! Thanks for all the new life that has come into our body. Let it be, under God, the earnest of a still nobler future. And "unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

ART. V.—THE MISSION OF AMERICA.

THERE is no inconsistency between a warm and glowing patriotism and a cosmopolitan and philanthropic largeness of sympathies. Moses was not less a prophet for all time, and a citizen of the ages, a glory to the race, and a noble servant of humanity, for being an enthusiastic leader of the Israelites. Nor are we less citizens of the world, and less truly concerned in the general fortunes of mankind, for being hearty and devoted Americans. When amid the early snows of our northern border, and the late flowers of our southern skirts, our vast territorial expanse sends up one burst of praise and gratitude to the God of nature, the ordainer of seed-time and harvest, and the original author and steadfast upholder of all our temporal and spiritual blessings, we may innocently indulge an honest pride in our country,—a country belted with such varied climates, and diversified with such dissimilar products; as smooth in plains as it is ribbed with mountains; as out-spread in fertile meadows as inlaid with domestic seas; intersected with navigable rivers, and eaten into by great gulfs and beauteous bays, and studded with safe and roomy harbors. How agricultural its interior; how commercial its circumference; how inexhaustible its mines of coal and iron, copper and lead, silver and gold; how rich and productive its soil; how healthy its climate; how busy its streams with the whirl of manufacturing industry; how alive with steamers its coast and rivers; how widely check.

ered with roads—that greatest proof of civilization; how bound with railways, the ligaments of States; how strung with telegraphic wires, the vocal chords of the national utterance! Not that, in these respects, other nations are not blest. But they have their blessings in their old age, and we in early youth. “What,” exclaimed a country pastor, as he entered the elegant and luxurious home of a brother-minister of large private fortune in the city, “This, and heaven too!” and so might a European ejaculate, as he visited our country, and saw almost every triumph of capital and experience, and the accumulated labors of a hundred generations reproduced in our new-born land,—the work of a dozen generations, only,—“What! wealth and luxury, and all the last conveniences of European civilization, and youth and freedom and an undeveloped and unmortgaged future too! Is it not too much for mortal man to possess, and remain unspoiled and undone by prosperity?”

It is, then, of this favored country that we desire to speak now, and of its mission to humanity. And we preface the discussion with affirming that there is no country in the world where national pride, strong as it is, is so little characterized by narrow, local, and accidental partialities, as our own. Our national pride is not yet a pride of race, and in that respect is distinguishable from the Anglo-Saxon self-glorying. We have as yet no national blood. The curious mixture we sometimes call such is a distillation from the veins of all peoples, with an English base, and tinctures of Celtic, German, and Scandinavian flavor. Doubtless, we shall have an American blood by and by, after the vast emigrations of Europe and Asia have ceased to flow into our cistern, and it has had time to settle. The Irish emigration has already nearly exhausted itself; and, without examining the reports of the commissioners, we are prepared to hazard the opinion that the German emigration will hardly outlast one more generation, in any such copious stream as we have hitherto received it; simply because the advantages of life are equalizing themselves by great political changes in the Old World; and the whole tendency of swift interchanges

of products and ideas, of mutual intercourse by travel and literature, and the beating of universal pulses and tides of feeling throughout the civilized world, is to do away the necessity or the attractions of great emigrations, by developing the advantages of *all* lands, and placing freedom and opportunity and hope at the command of all peoples. America, once the asylum of oppressed peoples, is fast becoming the unconscious redeemer of nations, by the example of her liberties, the democratic equality of her children, and the inspiration of her national life; and, perhaps, not less so by the immense contribution she is now making to the territorial and material wealth of the world.

And this is the first point in which America's mission is to be regarded, — its mission to make material comfort and abundance general, or to bring nature and man into union. "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is." It is a great truth and a neglected one. The earth and its products, its wealth and its resources, have hitherto been regarded, not as the Lord's, but rather as the devil's. But America, when her colonists came to reclaim a hemisphere, came to give to humanity what God recognizes as his own and theirs, because they are his children. They came to add unknown wealth to the world, by just doubling its habitable space and all its material resources; and their unconscious influence has been to break the sceptre of that old tyrant, Poverty, — the worst and widest monarch of misrule and oppression that ever abused our race, and managed to get his kingdom smiled on by sages and saints! The New World broke that bad dream, and gave humanity hope that the earth, which is the Lord's, should also become, for universal man, the source of general enrichment, and emancipation from want and material oppression. It is the first triumph of our national life. As a people, we are characteristically above poverty; and it is the first case in history. Poverty, in its various forms, is the chief oppressor of humanity and of nations. When people have to think only how to keep soul and body together, they can give little attention to education, or moral and political reforms. A poor population is an ignorant one, and

one easily oppressed. It is very much the economic progress and enrichment of the world which has really emancipated the mind and liberated the nations of our era. And, next to her free spirit and self-governing example, America has given nothing more valuable to humanity than the wealth of her long-unknown soil, the products of her mines, and the vast resources of her hemispheric riches. She has more than doubled the wealth of the world, by the commercial enterprise she has stimulated, the foreign labor she has drawn into productiveness, and the new and buoyant hope of progress and comfort she has excited by her example. Thus she has raised the universal standard of human existence; created a new set of popular wants, and with wants the means of gratifying them, and in this way tended to develop not only the universal soil of the earth, but the inner capacities and faculties of the human race; until the globe spins with a new cheerfulness, smokes with millions of happier hearths, carries an infinitely more diversified and costly burden of comfort and luxury; is white with new cities, and green with new farms, is making gardens of old deserts; planting wheat in ancient jungles, driving roads over mountain chains and through the lairs of wild beasts, and subduing the savage front of nature until civilization shall lead it, as calmly and happily as the little child of prophecy leads the lion and the lamb. This is the true account of the much-abused materialism of our era, from whose dominion our country suffers such a superficial censure, as the ringleader in the assumed defalcation of the nineteenth century from higher ends. Wealth is the first necessity of a world to be redeemed. The old monkish theory that virtue and piety are allied only to poverty, was the invention of those who turned the sweat of mere toiling millions into the diamond coronets on their own selfish brows.

If materialism means the development of all the physical riches hidden in soil and sea, and mine and air; if it means the unriddling of all the labyrinthine secrets of matter, the enlistment of the unyoked forces of winds and gases, the conscription of all the nimble electric and galvanic imps of nature to the service of man, he must be a stupid victim

of words and musty saws, who does not see that man is never vindicating his intellectual and spiritual sovereignty more perfectly than when he is most heavily assessing nature, taxing her every capacity and compelling her service to the utmost in the enrichment of his manhood, and the largeness, variety, and beauty of his lot. It will finally prove that the only cure for the evils of wealth is more wealth and in more hands.

Make plenty, comfort, luxury common, and you will not only do away with any imaginary evils or curses connected with their partial possession, but you will oblige men to seek distinction and honor in higher ways than by gloating over accumulated silver and gold. Riches nowhere have so little blinding and deluding power as where they are familiar. They are vastly more tyrannical over the imagination and the rights of men in communities where they are exceptional than in places where they are usual. They have more undeserved weight in the country than in the city; in poor communities than in rich ones. Nowhere, perhaps, can they do as little to give a man social position as in London itself, the richest city in the world. And we rejoice to believe that, even in New York, the best and most exclusive circle of influence, position, dignity, and social opportunity is one created by mind and heart, by moral and intellectual and spiritual worth, not by the income tax. Let us, then, while we are scrupulous how we make our money, pay little heed to criticisms, whether from abroad or at home, which would make us less active and earnest in building up either private or public wealth. The immediate misfortune of America is that her educational system is too steadily directing the attention of her sons and daughters to the speculative, literary, professional, and commercial pursuits of life, and too little to productive industry, agricultural, mechanical, and manufactures. We have twice as many people as are wanted for all its work in this city, and one-half the population are a tax on the other half. Our schools educate too much the critical, fastidious, and speculative faculties; excite a love of dress and music, and do not increase respect for manual labor and sober industry. Our public opinion, by its eight-hour agitation, is really weakening

production enormously, simply because the costly machinery that does at least ten thousand times the work the men who govern it can do, stops when the men stop, and so multiplies our loss of time and production by ten thousand. The want of production is the cause of high prices ; and is fast making the rich richer and the poor poorer. But this is a malady that by its severity will soon correct itself. Spite of this, we are fast growing rich as a nation ; and it is no disadvantage, but an immense blessing, to the country, that we are on the track of productiveness, and the accumulation and diffusion of wealth.

For the time being, selfish capitalists and corporations, and conspiracies of greedy aspirants to rapid fortunes, will curse and stain the country with their immoral and selfish policy and their outrageous acts. But all the evils they can inflict are as nothing to the blessings of which they are made the unconscious and unwilling instruments. These vast fortunes, how soon they are destined to melt away and revert to the people ; these great enterprises, selfish in origin and ruinous to so many immediate victims, how speedily they settle into great public possessions and conveniences ! Shocking from the moral and religious point of view, and as it affects individual offenders, as it all is, it is less serious, considered from a national point of view, and with reference to the prospects of the common people, that our great railway enterprises are made the occasions of pecuniary ruin to thousands of petty speculators, or innocent victims of companies, in the hands of selfish schemers, who make their fortunes out of the losses of deluded millions. The great highways are built. The wealth, though in bad hands, cannot but do its work for the common good. It supports the government ; it opens and settles new States ; it brings millions of waste acres into market ; it keeps thousands of hands at work ; it enriches every man, spite of the wishes or aims of its apparent owners, by the conveniences, the wants, the improved standard, the universal stimulus it promotes or furnishes.

Those who see the almost utter hopelessness of restraining or guiding the business activity and money ambition of this

country, will be wiser men and truer prophets of God's providence when they come to see that the infinite shaper of hearts and energies has a deeper plan, and a far nobler one, in the spur which he has furnished the American people in their enormous material opportunities, than any petty measuring-tape of a feeble philosophy of life — created by despairers of the world and the race — can apply to its gigantic proportions. If any man deplores and weeps over American follies and crimes, — over business corruptions and municipal sordidness and baseness, over many of the hateful developments of Wall Street and State Street; the stuffing of ballot-boxes by the ignorant cat's-paws of political adventurers, whose chestnuts are aldermanic opportunities of pilfering, or official chances to steal with impunity, — we will sit and mourn with him all day and all night. For such humiliation and grief can seldom be forced upon the intelligence and worth of any community, as we have lately, nay for twenty years, been forced to drink in bitterness of spirit. But let not these rank and ugly tares keep our grateful eyes from seeing the golden wheat that American institutions and American liberty and American soil and the American spirit are sowing and reaping over the land at large. Alas, it is our very blessings that keep us so wrongly tolerant of these evils! It is our prosperity that lames us from the pursuit of these banditti that hang about our fields and treasures. It seems to be felt that we have enough for ourselves and the robbers too. We are too busy and too successful to stop and catch our thieves. They count safely on our easy good nature and abundance. They defy such happy and comfortable people to put their threats, or mild murmurs of dissatisfaction with robbery and wholesale plunder of place and profit, into any practical rebuke, much less into the form of penal correction. It is, meanwhile, a burning shame, and a source of wide-spread demoralization, and infamy; but it must be set down, not to the nature or the perilous constitution of our political freedom or theory of government, but to the enormous margin of immediate prosperity which attends their operation, and at which these gigantic maggots and mice are gnawing in such unbuked and safe voracity.

Our second point is this: A barrier to human progress, second only to poverty and want, has been the long-established jealousies of races, nations, colors, ranks, and classes. The old-world civilization was all based on the theory of a natural, an unconquerable, even a beneficent, jealousy and antipathy among the different divisions of humanity, political, social, and physical. The Oriental despised, or hated and resisted, the European, and *vice-versa*. The Greek fought the Assyrian; the Roman detested the Gaul; the German threatened and overran the Italian; France and England blessed the narrow channel that kept such natural enemies as themselves apart; and stained its waters from time to time with the blood of their mutual hatred. Meanwhile, the white man discussed the question whether the negro was more an ape or a fellow-creature; and man doubted if woman had a soul. We will not go further into the familiar history of the prejudices that made men so long regard the prosperity of each as dependent on the failure of all the rest; that supposed a nation's wealth to be chiefly derived from a diplomatic outwitting of other countries, and the gain of one land the loss of others. America, by the union of so many once independent States in a common nation, and the victory obtained at the very start over sectional jealousies, began a work of unification, the full meaning of which she did not herself fully understand, but which has eventuated in the most magnificent results. The theoretical elevation at the outset, of man above his circumstances, man above class, above title, above education or even enlightenment (fearfully contradicted as it was by slavery and caste), was the unconscious planting of a seed from which the whole harvest of our democratic life has grown. "Humanity is everywhere equal to itself," it said; "humanity, whether it knows it or not, is its own friend. Mind must recognize mind; heart, heart; man, man; and, whether humanity be black or white, male or female, instructed or ignorant, pure or stained, it is still humanity, and deserves recognition and respect." The logic of this principle has triumphed over all the misgivings, reluctances, and doubts of past experience, — class, antipathy, and cultivated prejudice; triumphed, not in-

deed over all their secret disgust and latent disrelish, but over all their practical resistance. Man, good or bad, violent or peaceable, informed or stupid, each man is soon to become a recognized factor in our American life; and so precious and powerful is the great idea, for the first time in our institutions to be made an organic principle of the State, that we bear all manner of temporal evils and disgusts and offensive contacts; all manner of threatening political experiences in places where the principle works at greatest disadvantage, for the sake of its general truth, benignity, and glory. What reconciles us here in New York to the rule of a wretched mass of ignorance and sensuality and cupidity, forged together and hurled, like a slung-shot, against the forehead of our municipal pride and prosperity? Only the fact that it is part of the general honor due the principle of universal suffrage, — a principle, doubtless, abused, corrupted, and falsified by political tricksters and leeches, but which it is our business not to deny the general value of, but simply to perfect the machinery for its more exact application. The real vote of this city, were only every actual voter at the polls, would have nothing terrible in it. It might not suit one party, but it would another; and no party in America, as a party, is to be considered as really hostile to the permanent interests of the country. The worst party is as likely as not to have the *best* theoretical principles; for bad men have to put the noblest and more American ideas upon their banners before they can hope to carry the country. So long as the American people is merely deluded and betrayed in its present interests by the abuse to which schemers turn its own holy and eternal principles, there is no permanent harm done, great as the immediate sacrifices must be. It is better to make a thousand mistakes than to commit one crime against humanity. While just principles are recognized, there is a fixed tendency to correct practical errors. Fearful as the local abuses in our municipal government, the day of judgment will come for those men who “steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.” They will be broken on the very stone with which they have sought to destroy us, — universal suffrage! Ply

the free schools, the free press, the free church, a free public opinion, and how long will it be before the very votes that now threaten our security and well-being, will turn to the side of honesty, justice, and truth? Are we told that we have waited thirty years for the change? And how long did we wait in seeming despair for the evils of slavery to arouse the resistance of the American people. Thirty years is a moment in a nation's life. We shall not wait five years longer, we believe, to find the roused virtue and intelligence of this metropolis casting out the reproach of our abominable misgovernment, and giving us back our good name. But let not a few great cities, with the evils that have always boiled and seethed in their smutty cauldrons, outbalance the glorious success of popular suffrage in the country at large. If the success of a political system is to be measured by the general intelligence and worth of the people, by their prosperity and happiness, we claim an enormous preponderance for America over any country on which the sun shines, or has ever shone.

It is enough to say that in no other country is man honored as man as among us; that nowhere is man so universally conceded to be greater than his circumstances; nowhere have such tremendous sacrifices been made to and for the glory of the sentiment, "A man's a man for a' that;" nowhere is self-respect so assured; dependence made so exceptional, independence so common. Here is a nation indeed; a people whose government is really its agent and clerk; which has no ruling class, no aristocracy of wealth or name; which makes Presidents of rail-splitters and tailors, and sends the sons of day-laborers to its Senate! The sublime deference paid to the dignity of mere humanity in such facts as these *we* may not fully appreciate, but history will. This, with all the immediate drawbacks of the evils which give ignorance and folly such a mighty vote, and such a terrific opportunity among us, is still what, as a people, we believe in, and what excites the wonder, yes, and the following, of the world. If we did not believe that humanity is, on the whole, less a wild beast than a tame and safe creature, with more tendencies to

right than wrong, with more love than hate in its breast, it would be madness to trust it as we do. But, repelling the idea that what was originally made in God's image can be radically depraved and wrong-hearted, we go on, in our American politics, upon the theory that "*vox populi*" is indeed "*vox Dei*," that the people are honest and right-hearted, and love justice and truth. It is a sound principle, and here, for the first time, applied to political life; and we dare to point to the war itself as an illustration of its beneficence. There was on the conquering side, in that terrible struggle, next to no hatred, next to no vindictive feeling, after the strife was over. There is none now. The ill-feeling is all on the other side, and is a relic of that old-world feudalism which the South had wrought into its sectional system. But even *that* is, after all, not intense nor implacable. What sort of students of history can those be who, forgetting the wars of the Roses, or the long strife between England and Scotland, not to speak of the thirty-years' war in Germany, think that our war, swift and terrible in comparison, has been slow in gathering in the peaceful harvest of its bloody seed, or in closing up its ghastly wounds? The magnanimity on our side will not seem more wonderful fifty years hence, than the rapid submission on the other side; for nowhere in human records has so tremendous and fearful a struggle accomplished so much for humanity, and left so few permanent evils or ineffaceable scars behind it. None know better than we the present cruel abuse of the black man by the white trash of the South; the still interrupted commerce and trade between the two sections, the scattered fortunes of the planters, the suffering and poverty of the present generation there. But it is a drop in the bucket compared with the blessings the nation has drunk of, and which will overflow North and South in one generation. We anticipate the greatest help for the American character from the commixture of Northern and Southern temperaments and qualities, and here raise a special note of thanksgiving for the improvement which even the recent election has made in the prospects of Southern peace and order.

But great as the indications of the respect for humanity, which the American democratic principle furnishes, and great as the illustrations of it, which the abolition of slavery and the facilities of naturalization afford, it is chiefly because this American principle is becoming the glory of our age and the animating idea of the civilization of the whole globe, that we ought to rejoice. Humanity is not bad, but good; not inimical to itself, but tending to harmony and love, for God made it; that is the starting-point. It is ignorance, bodily lusts, hereditary feuds and jealousies, mere prejudices and weaknesses, that keep up the wars and selfish cupidities and embodied and instituted hatreds of humanity. More light, more general intercourse, more self-knowledge, even a more illuminated selfishness, banishes those chimeras, and shows men that they have been, without knowing or intending it, slaying and hating their own brothers, and quarrelling with their own business partners. If the highest and most instructed men in the world think and know this, why may not others, below them, come to know it too? And has not the number who either suspect it to be true, or really feel it to be so, become so large, that we may hope that nations will not, many generations longer, think it their chief duty to watch jealously against each other's greedy and ferocious malevolence, to keep each a half million of men standing idle against their muskets,—the worst stake to which to tie the human plant? May we not believe that it is not a vain dream of the blessed Christ, that men are brothers and children of one Father? It certainly does seem as if the last generation, spite of our war of emancipation, had done more to make the race a unit, and the globe a friendly habitation, where nations circulate along each other's halls and through each other's dwellings, as in a common home, than all the previous ages. The Christianity of the world has actually gone out of the visible Church, and entered into the political life and the economic enterprises of States and peoples. There is a thirst for peace, for free and swift intercourse, for free trade, universal expositions, international councils, uniting lines of steamships, oceanic wires, and whatever else can convert

the earth, once so dull of hearing, into a common sensorium, one great whispering gallery, one explored, safe, and united residence of the race. Let us think of what is happening in Germany, Italy, and England, to show the suspension of war policies, or commercial and industrial hatreds and antipathies; let us think of the peaceable attitude of Great Britain and America; let us think of the bloodless revolution in Spain; let us think of the Cretan persistency in resisting the Mohammedan power, and calling to itself the powerful sympathy of our own country, and feel that this era may fitly celebrate the mission of America as a unifier of human interests and a cosmopolitan power in the world; a proclamation of the union, not only between man and nature, but between man and man.

And now, as our third point, — while it has been the mission of America to show, first, the unity between man's material resources and his inner life, in short, to redeem and consecrate wealth and comfort to political and moral freedom and well-being, the union of man and nature; and, second, to unite States, and by their example, nations and races, in the unity of a recognized common interest and sympathy, or man and man, — it is its last and greatest mission to identify the *general* life, economic, educational, secular, — with what is usually set apart from it; *i.e.*, the *religious* life, to bring God and humanity into practical and immediate relations, and make the earth itself a common altar; political and social life, its highest sacrifices; the love of humanity, a practical act, and not a theoretic sentiment; and the worship of God, a real enjoyment of his character and spirit, as manifested in his works and ways, and in his Son Jesus Christ, the Saviour, not of private souls only, but of humanity and all that concerns humanity.

He must be a dull observer, who does not see that America is going to give the world a new type of the Christian religion; a fresh faith, the offspring of its own peculiar experience. The breadth of the ideas on this subject, working half consciously in the people's mind, is too great to allow, just yet, any marked convergence of the tendencies of

the national experience. But religion cannot be, and ought not to be, in this new hemisphere, just what it has been anywhere else. The discovery and peopling of a hemisphere is an occasion so unique in man's history, that it is worthy of a complete revision and new editing of his economic, political, and religious fortunes. We have completed the first and grandest revision; *i.e.*, the economic one. We have abolished the peasant class, and its poverty and ignorance, alone in the world in that wonderful achievement. There is no proletary class in America; and we must be careful that we do not, as by our present financial system, the chief burden of which falls on the poor, tend to bring it back. There is no small danger of this, if present policies prevail in monetary matters. If we hold on in our abolition of poverty, the world will and must follow our example in this. Then we are rapidly completing the second step, — the abolition of artificial, moral, and political distinctions of class or race, seen in the coming up of the negro, and in the tendency to make even sex no longer a political distinction, — a unitary movement, which will finally, in all countries, result in making confidence, a sense of common interest, mutual trust, and mutual service the ground of human relations, and not mutual hatred, jealousies, and suspicions. But the final achievement is this: to disclose the inner meaning of the Christian religion, and prove that "the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, which is the Lord's," is not more God's residence than "the earth" itself, which, "with all that therein is," is *his* also; that secular, social, political life are parts of God's ways and of man's religion; that faith is not related merely to things remote, but to immediate duties and opportunities; that ordinary common life, ordinary matter, and ordinary interests and concerns have a spiritual significance, and require religious interpretation; and that this religious interpretation is not ghostly and shadowy, but very practical, real, and useful.

Every thoughtful man must see that the characteristic secularization of religion — which in our day so many justly deplore, because sought sometimes by denials of its celestial

significance, and even of historical Christianity itself—is nothing but a strong and necessary reaction upon the absurd and useless divorce, which the past ages have kept up between *faith* and immediate life. It is no wonder that, as the springs of life changed their beds, the old well-sweep, pulled so far down to reach the low level of the waters, should have swung back with some violence. When the next world, in the interpretation of visionaries and fanatics, is made *every thing* for mortal men, and their immediate abode *nothing*, the time is not far off when *this* world will be made every thing, and the future nothing. Such are the revenges of the moral whirligig of time. But neither in one nor the other extreme can humanity possibly rest. And America is destined to prove that the old questions of time and place, now and then, here and there, have really nothing to do with God or religious duty; that God is not a geographical or topographical fact, and heaven not a subject of trigonometric or telescopic survey, but a kingdom, possible wherever God is—and where is he not?—and eternal life a frame of spirit and character, which is neither effected by being in or being out of the flesh, on this planet or some other. A heathen could say, “We change our sky, but not our minds;” how much more a Christian!

All the religious, dogmatic, ecclesiastical struggles in this country, are mere adjustments, or conflicts, or preparations for a new interpretation of the Christian religion, in the light of the vast original experiences of the American mind. This is the whole cause of what is called the failure of Protestantism, as it is the whole cause of what is pretended to be the re-beginning of a new life for Romanism. Until the religious mind of this country—and a very religious mind it is, and will yet prove itself to be—has thoroughly digested and expelled the refuse of the dogmatic theology which it inherited, not from Christ and the apostles, but from the doctors and schoolmen of a scholastic and politically and socially considered dark age, it will not be fully aware of what is disintegrating, alienating, secularizing, and reducing to theoretical infidelity and atheism so many millions of its once easy-going

and credulous believers. People nowadays will think for themselves, and will have a reason for things; and religion is no safer than politics, or banking, or mechanics, from their inquiries. The people of America want to be Christians, if Christianity is a rational, credible, and practical religion; otherwise not. They will run all risks and encounter all trials, sooner than be permanently deceived by their own fears and hopes, or by priests and ecclesiastical bodies. They have living faith enough to believe, that, beneath all the ashes of our theological and Christian pretension and show and make-believe, there is real, living fire. They believe that Christ and his life and death and character have some great relation to them; but they are not satisfied with the account their teachers give them of what this relation is; and their teachers are not satisfied themselves. This is all as it should be. There is always unrest, discontent, and threatening signs when new spiritual eras are struggling into birth. The Roman Church, long-headed and of great experience, comes in just in this state of things, and says, "See your American Protestantism all breaking up and going to pieces, — nothing fixed, settled, authoritative about it. Don't you see that all its teachers confess that there is nothing really conclusive coming out of this right of private judgment, this application of reason to faith? It fritters away all faith; it challenges the very existence of Christ; it makes immortality itself doubtful. Come, then, back to the old Mother, who has the precious traditions, the old spirit of trust and devotion, and who will softly blind your eyes, and lead you, more surely than any vision of your own could do, across the gulf that separates man and God, time and eternal bliss." Well, the invitation is an attractive one, and seems to be heeded by a few in default of a better call. From 70,000 Romanists in the United States of America in 1796, there are said to have been over 8,000,000 in 1866, just one man's natural life. To be sure, eighty per cent of these were foreign emigrants, and the remainder are mostly their descendants; for intelligent Romanists do not claim more than 10,000 positive converts from *bonâ fide* Protestants, — a very small victory. It is not,

therefore, the present converting power of Roman Catholicism, considered as a religious faith, that alarms us. It is the immense political power that it is obtaining, by its consolidated constituency, and its centripetal hierarchy, which is rapidly enabling it, with its admirable organization, to centralize and move its forces with the most solid front upon our political parties, State governments, and the General Government. The loose, divided sects of Protestantism, with their mutual jealousies and emulations, are, with three times their numbers, no political match for Romanism, which may really be said to have carried our State at the last election through its municipal machinery. Whence came the several millions of property the Romanist arch-diocese of New York now possesses, except from leases and lands and grants of the city and State, secured by the adroitness of politicians, who make over valuable property to the Catholic interest, and take their pay in votes?

There is a whole class of politicians in this country, Protestants in opinion and origin, whose stock in trade is a carefully studied acquaintance with the Catholic vote. Some men join the Catholic Church, or make their wives join it, for political ends. Now, there is no blame to be attached to the Catholics for all this. They have a right to their own influence, and to all they can get out of the country, by their well-known policy and tremendous organization. Only, are Protestants to stand still and squander themselves in mutual jealousies and bickerings, and present a divided front, and allow Romanism to obtain political control of the country? Is Romanism to become a political power, and Protestantism to remain only a moral and social one? We may be sure that Romanism will encourage this folly, so hurtful to us, so helpful to her. But what is to be the way in which Protestants are to become a political power? Not by uniting Church and State, or by making religious questions common at the ballot-box; but by recognizing the folly and pettiness of their sectarian squabbles, and the unreality of their division walls, and the existence of a common ground of sympathy among all Christians who believe in the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the right of individual judgment, or, what is more, the safety and ne-

cessity and duty of liberty, or freedom of inquiry and freedom of opinion within the bounds of Christian faith. The Christian Church cannot live outside its own walls. Christians have humane relations, civil, political, social, spiritual, with all human souls; but the Church is gathered about Jesus Christ, and is an express organization of his believing disciples. Let, then, such believers, whatever else they may believe, recognize their unity in this central faith in love for and obedience towards Jesus Christ, and build up a national Protestant Church—the American Church—upon the simple yet all sufficient article of faith, the sole original dogmatic requirement of the founder of Christianity, and of his great apostles. Let the Protestant Christians of this country feel that they are one body, and that their faith is large and broad, and yet not vague and unstatable; and there will soon arise a mighty Protestant power which will check Romanism, as the aroused national conscience and intelligence checked slavery, just as it was meditating new and sweeping triumphs.

But what then? Has not Protestant Christianity failed to give us a satisfactory religion? No. It has done wonders, in a religious point of view, to meet the wants of millions. Its great sects are growing still. It was never more active and earnest than now. But it has alienated, or failed to attract, several millions of the American people, by the fact that it has a theology which is not the original simplicity of the New Testament, nor the growth of American experience. To that theology we owe a great debt of gratitude for past services; and it has a holy fragrance about it, from the unction of the saints who have lived and died in it. But, unquestionably, the characteristic American mind is outside of tritheistic Calvinistic, Episcopal theology. The literature, science, politics, economics, the press, the magazines, the general experience of the country, its instincts and its life, are somehow antagonistic, or only decently friendly, to any widely existing type of Protestant Christian faith. It is astonishing how deep and general the discontent is, and how alarming to the immediate prospects of churches and the gathering in of the energetic and shaping portion of the population. And even

within the churches of all creeds, there has been a wonderful suppression of the written dogmas, and a resort to all sorts of social *succedaneums* to secure the interest of the people. The amount of social, literary, dramatic, secular expedients now in use in churches of the stricter faiths, and made necessary to hold their constituencies together, is very instructive. What is it all tending to? Is it not foreshadowing the rise of a Christian Church of simpler dogmatic faith, wider sympathies, a more social and æsthetic worship, in which life and human affections, instincts, wants, and tastes, shall receive a truly Christian recognition; and that unity be reached between the secular and the sacred, the other parts of human life, and the religious affections, which will be the last and noblest victory of American ideas and experience?

If such be the mission of America, have we not cause to bless God for our country and our lot; and to make this a season of marked thanksgiving that so many signs of promise for the Church and the State are hanging in the stormy sky! May God grant us faithfulness to our opportunities and duties, and use us and our Church and our whole civilization to advance his glory and the kingdom of his Son; for this is "a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

ART. VI. — AMERICAN POETS: T. W. PARSONS.

1. *Poems*. By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1851.
2. *The Rosary*. By T. W. PARSONS. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son, 1865.
3. *The Magnolia*. T. W. PARSONS. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son, 1866.
4. *The First Cantic [Inferno] of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Translated by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1867.

BRYANT, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, are the four men everywhere recognized in their own country, and widely known in Europe, as the chief American poets. Emerson has written poems which must live until the most incorruptible parts of English speech perish; poems which, by their creative originality, their audacious height and fire of genius, cause all who are able to appreciate these characteristics, to rank him in some respects above every other singer who has appeared in this land. But that peculiar adaptation of qualities which gives metrical compositions popularity, is quite wanting to him. The many will not read his verses, though the few lavish pre-eminent praise on them.

The poems of Holmes are not only of lasting weight and worth, they are also extensively known and enjoyed; they win general favor by their manly vigor, cultivated thoughtfulness, deep pathos, sparkling humor, graphic precision of language, and ringing melody of rhythm. Not to name other pieces of different sorts, his "Many-Chambered Nautilus" is as perfect a poem in its kind as exists in literature. Embalmed afresh in the delighted memory of successive generations, it will be oblivion proof.

The gay point and wit, the taking banter, the pungent and telling morals, the narrative felicity, the polished conciseness, of Saxe, have given him, too, an exceptional reputation, with

large sales for his books. The other leading national poets — Percival, Halleck, Poe, Boker, Taylor, Read, Simms, Street, and the rest — exhibit their particular merits. Each occupies his special niche of renown, and has his larger or smaller circle of admirers. Too long for enumeration is that list of American versifiers, which at one end shows the names of Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth and Joel Barlow ; at the other end, Julia Ward Howe, Alice Cary, Lucy Larcom, and a bevy of fair women besides ; with Tuckerman, Stoddard, Aldrich, Piatt, and a score or two of other brave men. It would require more space than we can afford to describe, by their proper qualities, the writings of each of these authors. Our purpose is to call attention to the works of one who, if among the less celebrated, is also among the truest and most artistic of all the American poets. We wish to do something towards securing for him that meed of fame which is his due. We refer to Thomas William Parsons, whose fine patient genius and exquisite workmanship, for years fully appreciated by the few who are critically familiar with our literature, still remain little known to the great reading public. His poems stand out in relief from the mass of American versification, by the ripe accomplishments of mind they show, by the artistic atmosphere they breathe, and by the rare combination in them of fulness of matter with finish of form. The strength of his thought, the genuineness of his humor, the delicate sureness of his touch, the profound tenderness of his feeling, the completeness of his artistic skill, the perfect vitality of his work, now appreciated by one and another, soon by more and more, will finally enroll him among the select classics of his land ; destined to be honored ages after the mediocrities who at first surpassed them in fame have been forgotten.

“ His lines, reformed, and not composed in haste,
Polished like marble, will like marble last.”

Those who have read Dr. Parsons's principal poems over and over with thoughtful study, until they know them by heart, with a distinct feeling of each beauty, find it hard to explain

why they have not won their way into wide popularity, despite the fact that publishers and critics have done so little for them. But the secret is, that the quality of their merit prevents this; they lack something rough, pungent, sensational. Their quiet and unobtrusive charms escape the coarse and hurried observer. They require a more full equipment of mind, a more trained maturity of taste, more tenderness of emotion, more sustained patience of attention, than are furnished by the unscholarly, restless reader, who can feel nothing less harsh than a stab, and will bestow scarce a hasty glance on a sentiment or an idea. The dulcet notes of the lute can hardly be expected to work any charm in a rhinoceros, however choicely they are distilled into his ears. So we ought not to anticipate that any strong or permanent impression would be made on the minds of the average frequenters of the shop and the street by lines like these, no matter how profound their truth, how superlative their beauty : —

“ There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

“ In that pure city of the living Lamb
No light shall shine, of candle or of sun,
Or any star; but He who said ‘ I Am,’
Shall be the Lamp, — He and his Holy One.

“ Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time’s poor pleasures, doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme :
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

“ That flow from God’s own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them, and walk with them anew.

“ In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows,
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.”

The simplest and the greatest works are most slowly appreciated. The tawdry, the superficial, the vehement, are quickly

and loudly praised. Patient, discriminating attention to things worthy of it, is the virtue least practised and most needed in our country and age. Were this virtue common, Parsons would soon be renowned wherever American literature reaches. As he himself says, —

“ Learn patience first ; for patience is the part
Of all whom time records among the great ;
The only gift I know, the only art
To strengthen up our frailties to our fate.
Through long endurance comes the martyr crown
That makes the hero blush for his renown.”

We confess to a delight in verse, and a fondness for the poets in all their variety, from the miraculous spontaneity of Shakespeare, on one extreme, to the proverbial platitudes of Tupper on the other. It is a profitable exercise to study to fix with accuracy the relative ranks of all these, enjoying the gifts while perceiving the deficiencies of each. We do not ask that every poet shall be an original genius, or a consummate artist ; we ask only that he shall be in his kind a genuine poet, thinking sincerely, feeling earnestly, having something to say which is worth uttering, and saying it in a manner pleasant to hear. The prevailing fault with our verse-makers is lack of valuable meaning. To make smooth lines, with nothing in them, is so easy an accomplishment, and practised so copiously, that we are threatened with a deluge of fluent and melodious slush ; a musical mixture of bombast, nonsense, and fog.

Another phase of vicious poetic literature very common, in our day is the opposite of this ; namely, the gorging of the mind with raw and fierce excitements, the revelling in horrible tales of revenge, seduction, robbery, and murder. Miss Braddon, in her reeking novels, even Mr. Browning, in many of his dramatic pictures, seems to commit the mistake of supposing, since the end of life is the fulfilment of function, and the business of art is the heightening of function, that if a torrent of strong action be poured through the soul, it matters not whether it be a torrent of bilge-water or of nectar. But it does make all the difference in the world. Even if it

heightens life for the moment, the reading of an adulterous and murderous story, told with the terrific realism of Browning; is an evil. The torrent of mud and blood jars, perturbs, vulgarizes the soul through which it rushes. The poet should seek to heighten life purely, and by pure means alone, adding to the degrees of tenderness, aspiration, energy, faith, joy, and peace experienced by ordinary souls, his transcendent experiences of them. Parsons stands this test well. Endowed with larger and sharper consciousness than common men, he has a clearer intelligence, more sensitive and hungry affections, more cultivated taste, more soaring aspirations, than they; his disappointments have been deeper, his griefs keener, his knowledge of the beauty and mystery of nature greater, his feeling of the glory and tragedy of life more profound. The intensity of temperament which raises all experiences to their extremes, and makes the ideal world more real than the actual one, gives its possessor a native impulse to imaginative creation. When his moods of exaltation or depression become overpowering, they instinctively seek relief in poetry. So it was with his great master, Dante, who says, "When my eyes had for some time been bathed in tears, and were so weary that I could no longer give vent to my grief in weeping, I thought to find an outlet for it in verse." His favorite themes, whether humorous or pathetic, are of a gentle character, never laceratingly sensational; and, even when they are most melancholy, his genius sheds a golden light on them, and breathes a calm music through them. Thus he closes his verses on Sleep:—

"Well, I can wait a little more,
A little longer wait and weep,
Until the welcome grave restore
The bliss of an unbroken sleep.

"Let me remember Him that, while
His tired disciples round him slept, —
The sinless born that knew no guile! —
Watched in Gethsemane, and wept."

Again, with a —

"Good-humored wisdom that can read the lie
Of the false world, nor be enraged thereby,"

he prophesies the time when —

“Our world shall grow a less distracting scene,
And life, less busy, wear a gentler mien.”

In his tribute to Crawford, — a poem whose richness, pathos, perfect ease, and simplicity of expression make it a wonder of nature and art, — he says, —

“Ah! there be many histories
That no historian writes,
And friendship hath its mysteries
And consecrated nights;
Amid the busy days of pain,
Wear of hand, and tear of brain,
Weary midnight, weary morn,
Years of struggle paid with scorn.
Grief stirs me, and I must be stirred.
O Death, thou teacher true and rough!
Full oft I fear that we have erred,
And have not loved enough.”

Then he ends the poem with these exquisitely fine and sweet lines: —

“Good mourners, go your several ways!
He needs no further rite, nor mass,
Nor eulogy, who best could praise
Himself in marble and in brass,
Yet his best monument did raise,
Not in those perishable things
That men eternal deem, —
The pride of palaces and of kings, —
But in such works as must avail him there,
With Him who, from the extreme
Love that was in his breast,
Said, ‘Come, all ye that heavy burdens bear,
And I will give you rest!’”

Sainte-Beuve says, “The revery of the poet is an enchanted ennui.” This experience of genius is a continuous sameness filled with beauty, love, and joy; but the disenchanting ennui of the earthling is a continuous sameness made empty by disgust. Then, as Parsons expresses it in a happy line, —

“The soul’s indifference dulis the sated eyes.”

The mission of the poet is neither to deceive nor to undeceive us, but to glorify and sweeten existence, throwing all over the

landscape lines of light which steep it in ideal hues, and drawing streams from Castaly to irrigate our arid days. He burnishes the rusty, beautifies the ugly, associates the disconnected, and animates the insensible. Sometimes, surcharged with joyous life, the electric saltations of power run off from his brain in dancing dithyrambs. Sometimes, like an Æolian harp, wailing in the twilight, his responsive soul gives the dumb sorrow of the world a plaintive tongue. Sometimes, he so inoculates careless and hardened souls with the tender melancholy which freights his temperament, that they, too, grow susceptible to generous sympathies. Always his proper influence is to purify, enrich, and expand the consciousness that communes with his creations.

"An auxiliar light
Comes from his mind, which on the setting sun
Bestows new splendor : the melodious birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on,
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obey
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grows darker in the presence of his eye."

The poet is in the world of imagination almost what God is in the world of reality. In the perfected poetic mood, thought takes the place of the sun, and love fulfils the office of gravitation. We shudder, when in the hovel we see Crabbe holding out his bleak tray of tears; but when we read the gorgeous lines of Longfellow, —

"And through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails on like a golden galleon,"

we feel as if our nakedness were suddenly clothed with a warm robe of gleaming satin. If all that the poets have added to the scenery of nature and the sum of human life were taken away, every thing would be impoverished into the haggard semblance of what it is now. Men like Turner are born with a prism in their eyes. With men like Wordsworth, the prism is fused through the soul; the revelation they make of the glory they see and of the bliss they feel puts subsequent generations in their debt.

A striking quality of Parsons, as a poet, is the pronounced

individuality of whatever he does. Every product is cast in the mould of his personality, stamped by the direct, honest, patient action of his own nature and experience. There are writers whose productions, though not unfamiliar in general substance and form, come from the fresh and strong exercise of their own faculties, and thus have a charm of originality; that is to say, their works abound in the marks of original thinking, if not with results of original thought. Such is the case with Buckle. Even this is no slight distinction in an age when so many books are effects of chirography, rather than of insight and emotion. The sensibility of Parsons, susceptible to the least impressions of the most imponderable agencies, seems ever to have been wax to receive, steel to retain. One consequence is that nothing comes from his pen which has not been made thoroughly his own. His poems have the sincerity of genuine experience and truthful art. Another consequence is, that his thoughts and feelings hold him in their prison, and keep him conscious of them. This indicates his defect as a poet; namely, a morbid confinement to personal experiences. He wears a subjective chain which prevents the freedom of a broad and wholesome objective range. He often remains bound and sighing in accidental associations and individual limitations, instead of travelling at large with exhilarating liberty amidst universal truths and eternal conditions. He seems to have suffered too deeply ever to be merry with all his heart. Such refrains are constantly recurring as this:—

“ Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.”

It is as if, in a pre-earthly state, he had been drugged with the spell of some strange melancholy incantation, and then for ever as —

“ Through many a verse life’s poem flows,
Yet still, though seldom marked by men,
At times returns the constant close;
Still the old chorus comes again.”

His Muse breathes the calm of resignation, despair, the grave, rather than the peace of trust and contentment. This brooding burden of the sin and pain and mystery of the world, if a noble fault in a poet, is yet a fault. His genius ought to brighten the lot of men by radiating the happiness of his gifts. Imagination should lift and clear and free the mind it inspires, rendering life not only serene, but sublime. The bruised and weary poet should bathe in Castaly in preference to Lethe; for although the latter heals wounds the most effectually, it cures them with death instead of immortality.

However attached and personal our poet is in the subjects he treats, he is singularly detached and objective in his style, which never drones or languishes, but vivaciously varies in accordance with the demands of the treatment he chooses to give his themes. He is never flat, never stilted, never verbose, never bombastic, never affected. He is one of the truest of the humorists who have set pen to paper in this country. Nothing ridiculous escapes his keen and competent eye; and he portrays it with a smiling ease, a sound judgment, and a polished brevity, comparable with those of the best workmen in this department. Those who would rather laugh in their minds than by explosions of the organs of cachinnation, will search far before they can find a more delightfully enjoyable satire than the "Saratoga Eclogue." The two Yankee cockneys, Tityrus and Melibœus, discuss the relative attractions of town and country:—

"TITYRUS.

"And as for air, what air can equal ours?
Do you admire the sweetness of the flowers?

"MELIBŒUS.

"Not I: these breezes are but pap to me;
I love the ham-like relish of the sea.
And, oh! that any flower, tree, shrub, or grass,
Might imitate the perfume of the gas!

"TITYRUS.

"Ah! could I change for that aroma now
These hateful smells, this execrable cow:
Fain would I change for any stench of Art,
This mawkish Nature ———

"MELIBŒUS.

"Wherefore do you start?

"TITYRUS.

"What grateful steam along the corridor
Steals to my sense? and what persuasive roar?
Hark! 'tis the dulcet thunder of the gong."

Humor, as a quality in literature, is both rare and admirable. Parsons has it in a degree which few can rival. He shows it most prominently in that remarkable series of poems which he calls "Letters," a series as Horatian in spirit as any thing produced in our time. To appreciate their merits of matter and manner, they must be carefully studied many times, as Horace is. We cite a passage, not by any means one of the best, in which he speaks of Boston:—

"This town, in olden times of stake and flame,
A famous nest of Puritans became;
Sad, rigid souls, who hated, as they ought,
The carnal arms wherewith the devil fought:
Dancing and dicing, music, and whate'er
Spreads for humanity the pleasing snare.
Stage-plays, especially, their hearts abhorred,
Holding the muses hateful to the Lord,
Save when old Sternhold and his brother-bard
Oped their hoarse throats, and strained an anthem hard."

We know of no American poet whose expression has such unpretentious and piercing pathos as that of this author. In the midst even of his most satirical and humorous strokes it appears, sometimes suddenly penetrating the soul with a sharp smart of pain, sometimes stealing plaintively to the inmost fount of our sighs and tears. He said once, when he heard a lady sing,—

"Strange was the pleasure that over me stole, —
It was made of old sadness that lives in my soul."

Comparing human life to a race, rushing on through vales and woods and deserts, over bridges and mountains, he exclaims, —

"Whither? whither? ah! who knows?
Let us hope to some repose."

What can be more affecting in conception or felicitous in expression than the last line of this allusion to a bereaved husband? —

“ Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
When human passion shall have passed away,
And love no longer be a thing to weep.”

With what simple power the feeling is transferred from his soul to that of the sensitive reader in his lines “ On a Magnolia-Flower ” !

“ Memorial of my former days,
Magnolia, as I scent thy breath,
And on thy pallid beauty gaze,
I feel not far from death.

“ So much hath happened, and so much
The tomb hath claimed of what was mine !
Thy fragrance moves me with a touch
As from a hand divine.

“ Lady, who sendest from the South
This frail, pale token of the past,
I press the petals to my mouth,
And sigh — as ’twere my last.”

Among the best things of the great Elizabethan bards there is absolutely nothing better than the “ Dirge ” written by Dr. Parsons for the burial of Henry Wales. Could all the martyrdoms, all the funerals, of the poor unhappy children of humanity be concentrated into one piteous lament and memorial service, this dirge were fit to be chanted there.

One of the highest excellences of Parsons is that he trusts for effect to the intrinsic substantive value of his work, and never tries to eke out hasty and shallow thoughts by artifices of style. It is a supreme merit of style to be a transparent medium of ideas and emotions, beauty not being added as ornamentation, but transfused as life. Parsons never attempts to hide intellectual poverty with verbal iridescence. His ornaments are a vascular growth and native bloom of his matter, like the purple on a plum and the perfume in a rose. Nothing can be more graceful and lovely than the following lines, though there is nothing like an ornament about them. The richest beauty lives and breathes in their very substance.

All the ethereal lightness, delicacy, purity, worship, belonging to the soul of a poet, are here transmuted into musical words. And the same praise is due to "The Last Gentian," and to the "Vespers by the Shore of the Mediterranean:" —

"Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,
Lest one light sign of her foot you mar;
For where she walks, in the spring, on the sod,
There, I have noticed, most violets are.

"Touch not her work, nor her book,—nor a thing
That her exquisite finger hath only pressed;
But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
Of the ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.

"I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand,
In the morn, sometimes, at her father's door;
And the brook where she may have dipt her hand
Runs purer to me than it did before.

"How I dare to speak to her, scarce I can guess,
But the courage comes, for she makes me strong;
What *is* in my heart? Is it love? Oh yes;
But a love with worship that knows no wrong.

"Under the mail of 'I know me pure,'
I dare to dream of her—and by day;
And as oft as I come to her presence, I'm sure
Had I one low thought she would look it away."

The translation by Dr. Parsons of the first Canticle of the Divine Comedy is of such extraordinary value that it makes us look with eager desire to the same hand for the other two. We are glad to learn that these are already in a state for publication. We are confident that no other piece of metrical translation so difficult and so prolonged was ever done so well. The most competent and impartial judges, both in this country and in Europe, have already decided that, totally estimated, it distances every rival. It will always stand as one of the solitary masterpieces of literature. The exact verbal rendering by Longfellow is often faint, feeble, prosaic, dropping to the level of conversation. Parsons, while almost as faithful in closeness to the text, rises to the height of song, and stays there. His version keeps all of Dante that can be kept, yet reads like an original poem in English. It teems with power, and with all those verbal felicities of which the art is so consummate

that it seems simple artlessness, a happy knack of nature. Its fire and energy are immense. As a study in the vernacular strength or the idiomatic richness and flexibility of our language, we know of no single poetical composition equal to it. The very great preponderance of Saxon monosyllables is amazing. The lithe and sinewy vigor of the lines thus formed, the power with which they carry their freight of meaning, is wonderful. We are made to see the sights, feel the touches, hear the sounds, live the experiences they suggest, — so sharply cut, so vividly colored, so strongly struck are the verbal dies: —

“Here, at the scowling precipice’s base,
I stopped, intently gazing, and beheld,
Plunged in that bog, a smeared but naked race,
With wrathful eyes and features passion-swelled.
These not with hands alone each other beat,
But headlong rushed, butting and striking sore,
Met breast to breast and fought with furious feet,
Yea, piecemeal with their teeth each other tore.”

The study of a great man is an education. Dr. Parsons has been an unwearied student of Dante for thirty years, and has reaped commensurate benefits from the familiarity. His lines to the immortal Florentine, by common consent, are ranked with the very noblest efforts of the American muse. Among the other traits in the matchless style of Dante, are his unique conciseness and precision. His descriptions are coined rather than painted; his metaphors are not pictures, but medallions. This artistic horror of slovenly work, this conscientious finish of severe simplicity and force, the apt pupil shares with the great master. How few poets could handle the magnificent image, descriptive of the summer aspect of the world, with the effective ease and certainty shown in these verses? —

“Like some fresh marble, the sublime
Work of immortal hands,
Nature before us in her prime,
Almost completed stands.

“And now the dreaming eye foresees
The sculptor’s final stroke,
The golden heaps beneath the trees,
The purpling of the oak.”

Parsons's pages also abound in those impressive and memorable aphoristic lines which are the portable treasures of scholars, condensations of the wisdom of a lifetime, as the Orientals are said to distil acres of roses into a drop of attar. Thus he alludes to persons who are —

“Deep-read in volumes deeply writ.”

Every one, too, will feel the large suggestiveness of these words, —

“That fine freemasonry that is not earned
By bookish toil in colleges at home,
Nor all the schools from Göttingen to Rome.”

No thoughtful man can heed this apostrophe, unmoved by its weighty solemnity: —

“O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou.”

Speaking of an aspiring and reverential scholar, he says, —

“His heart was written o'er, like some stray page
Torn out of Plutarch, with majestic names.”

He sighs our departed youth as —

“That early time
When the fresh heart could vulgar life sublime,
And all the prose of our existence change
By magic power to something rich and strange.”

But we must cease from these citations with one more specimen. With reference to the rapidly spreading rule of educated man, he writes, —

“So swift its course, some prophet may contend
Its very progress bodes a speedy end.
No! like Niagara's changeless current driven,
It moves, yet stays, eternal as the heaven.
That mighty torrent, as it flows to-day,
For ever flows, but never flows away;
The waves you gazed at yesterday are gone,
Yet the same restless deluge thunders on.”

As an American poet, Dr. Parsons has done good work, which entitles him to the gratitude of his countrymen. Nothing of the kind in our literature is superior to his

"Ballad of the White Hills," or more imperishable. His "Dirge for one who fell in Battle" is original, beautiful, and tender, to the last degree. The patriotic pride, the rich reflections, the melodious march, the splendid imagery of his "Hudson River," give it a foremost place among the poems written by great poets in celebration of their favorite streams:—

"Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown South,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth."

His "Ode on the Death of Daniel Webster," beginning, —

"Comes there a frigate home? what mighty bark
Returns with torn but still triumphant sails?
Such peals awake the wondering Sabbath — hark!
How the dread echoes die among the vales!"

is full of solemn and massive grandeur, like that of the imposing personality it celebrates:—

"We have no high cathedral for his rest,
Dim with proud banners and the dust of years;
All we can give him is New England's breast
To lay his head on, — and his country's tears."

His glorious verses on "The Flag," we trust will stir the exultation of American hearts when the thrilling ensign shall have played with the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, and every man on the continent looks up to it with loyal love:—

"Still proudest emblem on the seas!
Bright banner of my new-born land!
The time is near when every breeze
By which thy stainless folds are fanned
Shall bring the name of freedom clear —
More clear than ever heard before —
To each expectant bondsman's ear,
On every tyrant-trodden shore."

The late attempt to sever our Union he fitly characterizes in these few lines, whose tremendous meaning loads them with more weight than belongs to whole volumes by some authors:—

"Some of these weapons have made rebellion reel,
 In days when rebels threatened kings alone
 And spared Republics — for that word was known
 Only in monarchies, — among the free
 'Twas called conspiracy, and so *shall* be
 When this conspiracy, from age to age
 Shall thunder down through History's damning page."

Yet his patriotism does not blunt his perceptions of the truth. He sees all our limitations, knows well what we have still to do in refining our life and balancing our subjection to material utility with devotion to ideal pursuits. According to his view, —

"Hesperia's muse is but a lagging bird,
 By whose low flight small rivalry is stirred;
 On ostrich wings her dull career is driven, —
 Half-tied to earth, half-hopping up to heaven, —
 For seldom here has genius found in art
 Spontaneous utterance for a flowing heart,
 Or sought by night, in forest or in glen,
 The tongue of angels for the thoughts of men."

And now we must take leave of the bard whose "Lilac," "Altar," "Rosary," "Page of Conchology," "Intellectual Republic," "Shadow of Obelisk," and their mates, have been our beguiling companions in many a lonely hour. Such is the grateful earnestness of our own appreciation of his literary deserts, that we shall willingly bear the censures of those who are ignorant of what he has written, or but passingly acquainted with it, and who, no doubt, will deem the estimate here presented an exaggerated one. Of however little worth our praise may be, it comes honestly from the heart; and if we have hinted any blame, we trust it has been done with a gentleness which will prevent the poet from saying to us, as he said to that reproachful bird of dusk who sang at him up at Sudbury, —

"Why whip poor Will? what sin of mine
 Deserves so harsh a word?
 How impudent! I half incline
 To quarrel with the bird."

ART. VII.—EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century :
delivered in the Mercer-street Church, New York, on the "Ely
Foundation" of the Union Theological Library. By ALBERT
BARNES. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FROM this title, one might expect an exhibition of the evidences of Christianity in some sense peculiar to this century. There is no disguising that our age differs very widely indeed, in its whole style of thinking, from the so-called "Ages of Faith;" and is rapidly outgrowing, to appearance, most of the formal and dogmatic statements that have been put forth to interpret Christianity to the world. And yet, in a quite intelligible sense, there is an interpretation of it which belongs in a very marked way to this era. Ideas claimed as Christian are made very broadly the common possession of mankind. The notion of humanity itself—of a duty, a right, a destiny, which belongs to man as man, and is a bond of union among all races and nations of men—has at once its most vivid expression in the Christian Scriptures, and its most vivid illustration in the dominant thought of our own day. The "glittering generalities" of the New Testament became the avowed doctrines and policies of great States. A standard of justice, mercy, morality, whose only refuge from the corruption of a perishing empire was in the bosom of the persecuted Church, come to be the commonplaces of international law, and the received axioms of ordinary jurisprudence. A certain "enthusiasm for humanity," which the writer of "Ecce Homo" points out as the distinguishing thing in Christianity at its first promulgation, is illustrated by Catholic and Protestant missions on a wide scale; by great humanitarian efforts, and labors of reform; by an ideal altogether new, which men in great numbers are seeking to embody in their political constructions; by toils of charity of the noblest order, such for

example as the grand "Commissions" of our late war; by the very existence of an ambitious and powerful republic, which in its code of fundamental law engrafts the principles of equal and impartial right. These are the works and these the thoughts which mankind has been slowly learning from that great word of inspiration which we call the revelation of Christianity to the world. In a very peculiar sense, it makes the aim, the ideal, the inspiration of our era,—at least of whatever is noblest and best in it. And surely, if in any way this nineteenth century is bearing its testimony to Christianity, and contributing its share to the mass of Christian evidences, it is in such ways as these.

We are disappointed, then, in taking up this volume, to find it only a re-threshing of a thrice-threshed sheaf; only the restatement of arguments long familiar; only the old, narrow, technical, dogmatic rendering of a divine and glorious word; only a new attempt to exhibit the old, familiar body of the "evidences," as viewed in the light of the nineteenth century. There is little effort to appreciate what is really the intellectual temper of this age, and what laws of evidence it is inclined to accept. Some show there is an acquaintance with a few of its leading names; but of what makes its ideas and beliefs vary from those of previous ages, no real analysis. The argument of the book, briefly stated, is this: such and such arguments were found satisfactory to confute the deists of revolutionary England; the sceptics and scoffers of infidel France have passed out of repute, so as no longer to be a recognized authority and force; those old controversies have passed, and still the Christian Church exists on the same foundation of belief, and the reasoning of its apologists remains undiminished in cogency; the whole doctrinal system abides, and the "evidences of Christianity," in the strict orthodox sense, are as good in the nineteenth century as in the eighteenth, or the first. One is surprised at the writer's unconsciousness of the latent force there is in the *drift* of human opinion, or that he is addressing a different public than that which was satisfied with the old theology. If he holds, as he seems to, that the sun actually stood still at the

command of Joshua,* or argues from the generation of the whole human race from Adam and their inheritance of his guilt, he does it strangely unaware that the minds he would convince are long past caring to listen to defence or confutation of such things. Such an argument — however skilful and plausible its setting-forth — is of the sort that does such deep discredit to theology as a branch of men's study and thought. It is wholly a stranger to the living, intellectual issues of the time. It is a voice from the eighteenth century, importunate and dull, claiming to be heard amidst the life and noise of this.

Still, though disappointed in the main argument of the book, it would be unfair to disparage the book itself. It is the work of an able, intelligent, honest man. Dr. Barnes has won an honorable reputation among his contemporaries for sincerity and intellectual courage. This volume does not lack variety of information, clearness and vigor of style, or logical directness and force. It not only shows a good knowledge of the subject as treated in other days; but it gives, amply and bravely, citations from such writers as Lecky and Renan, to illustrate the style of thought it would confute. But it would be too much to expect from one known chiefly as an eminent preacher, a faithful minister, a popular commentator, such treatment as should satisfy the critical judgment of this generation. It is giving this book a high rank, to class it with such works as Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief," and Henry Rogers's "Eclipse of Faith." It is no disparagement to say, that it is not *the* book, which we trust will one day bring this whole matter of the Christian evidences upon the level of the thought and knowledge of the nineteenth century, while guarding, as earnestly as this, the essentials of Christian faith.

Something of the same judgment we inevitably pass on all the forms of argument, so frequent still among us, which seek to defend Christianity as identified with any schemes of theology, or as resting on any technical and exceptional

* See page 166.

canons of belief. The confidence which a believer has in the forms of belief dear to him may be perfectly legitimate and valid to his own mind. They may have nothing in them to shock an intelligent reason; nothing to trouble a devout conscience; nothing which, in the great mystery of the universe, we have a right to pronounce absurd and impossible, even contrary to the established certainties of science. So it is with the current belief, as held by cultivated minds, in the miracles of the Testament. The evidence of them is very simple and clear. They are essential features in a narrative, written with transparent good faith by honest men who believed every word of it. These men, if not actual eye-witnesses of the facts,—which, most likely, some of them were,—were at least near enough the time and scene of them to get their account easily from those who were, at only one or two removes at furthest. The narrative is thoroughly wrought into the substance—they are the only account we have of the origin—of a series of historical events, conspicuous, grand, and momentous in their results upon human life, whether distant or direct, beyond any other. They have shaped the beliefs, and determined the most energetic motives, of the most cultivated and powerful races of man for nearly two thousand years. Moreover, accepting the postulates of theism,—that there is a living God, a divine Providence in human affairs, a moral order, under the control of infinite Intelligence, bringing good to a slow but certain triumph over evil,—there is nothing whatever incredible or unreasonable in the nature of the facts themselves. No theist can deny the power, or the motive for exercising the power. The character of the facts themselves, with one or two doubtful and inconsiderable exceptions, is in harmony with the beneficent purpose assumed. Nay, criticise them as we may, they have stood to the human heart and imagination, these eighteen centuries, as the express type of that gracious compassion, that tender mercy, which it is so grateful, yet to most of us so hard, to associate with the name of the divine Power that orders the course of human things,—the precious illustration of that might and love which together make up

our idea of God as a Father. The external testimony which confirms them is sufficiently straightforward and clear ; it is at any rate strong enough to have convinced very many sagacious and able minds, abundantly skilled to judge of evidence ; and, to one who has been educated in a belief in them, there would seem no ground whatever why he should be called to surrender that belief ; no reason why he should not put it on the same level of certainty with nine-tenths of the opinions on which he acts with absolute assurance from day to day.

This is the argument, substantially, as Dr. Barnes repeats it, and as it is familiar to every student of the "evidences." It is an argument entirely sound, and one which completely serves its purpose ; that is, to legitimate the common belief of Christians *to themselves*, on those general principles of evidence, and on the accepted views of divine Providence, which their education has made familiar. It is an argument that gives full satisfaction to minds which no one has a right to call narrow or weak, and is associated with the truest religious peace, the finest Christian motive, the purest lives and devoutest hopes that sanctify the Christian name. It is an argument appropriately named "in defence of Christianity:" it maintains a position already taken, and liable to attack ; in nature, as in logical classification, it is the argument known as "apologetic." It does not make the actual ground of any one's belief in the system it defends: belief of that sort always comes into the mind, anterior to evidence, from sources that lie back of reason. Where the moral motive lacks, where the previous assumptions do not exist, it is vain to rely on any process of the understanding. The argument, which is ample for defence, is worthless for attack or propagandism. As long as it rests on its technical defences, Christianity may be safe in its own intrenchments ; but may be, at the same time, completely a stranger to the intellectual forces that really move the world. As a matter of fact, it is plain to see that the argument, such as we have stated it, has no effect whatever on the class of minds which it is most important to convince ; that is, minds educated in the thought and trained in the logic of the nineteenth century. Each age has its own

canons of belief; and the reasoning process which was held impregnable a century or two ago, may be utterly void of impression now. No device of argument, for example, could make credible now the two beliefs held surer than almost any other a few generations back, the reality of witchcraft, or diabolic agency, and an eternal hell for unbelievers. *The beliefs themselves do not make part of the intellectual furniture of this age*; and therefore, any one who should reason in defence of them, however earnestly and however powerfully, would seem "as one that beateth the air."

This intellectual condition is precisely what much of the common argument on the Christian evidences seems to overlook. Intelligent, able, and cultivated men, fully assured of their ground, and utterly sincere in their defence of it, are confounded and perplexed to find that their words make no impression whatever just where they expect and wish a candid hearing. We deal with the fact simply, not with any reason or justification of the fact. It is one very important for the student or expounder of the evidences to understand. It may help to understand it, if we look at an illustration of it a little aside from the field to which our eye is most accustomed. Mr. Kingsley is a clergyman of the Church of England, who would defend with as vehement a zeal as anybody her current doctrine of the supernatural. Well versed in history and literature, and in the popular side of science, with sympathies, too, that should make him understand the mental state of the great intelligent, unbelieving class of English working-men, he finds nothing too hard for his belief in that church creed, which takes in trinity, atonement, technical inspiration, the supernatural validity of church ordinances. Yet, off the beaten track of Anglican orthodoxy, here is the way he speaks of narratives which were once believed almost as widely and devoutly as those of the Gospels themselves; believed with a fervor of faith such, that the fact of the gospel story having survived it makes one strong and favorite point in the common statement of the Christian evidences. He is speaking of the wonders ascribed to the monks and hermits of the early Christian centuries:—

"There is as much evidence in favor of these hermits' miracles and visions as there is, with most men, of the existence of China, and much more than there is, with most men, of the earth's going round the sun.

"But the truth is, that evidence, in most matters of importance, is worth very little. Very few people decide a question on its facts, but on their own prejudices as to what they would like to have happened. Very few people are judges of evidence; not even of their own eyes and ears. Very few persons, when they see a thing, know what they have seen and what not. They tell you quite honestly, not what they saw, but what they think they ought to have seen, or should like to have seen. . . . Moreover, when people are crowded together under any excitement, there is nothing which they will not make each other believe. . . . Every one is ashamed of not seeing what every one else sees, and persuades himself against his own eyesight, for fear of seeming stupid or ill-conditioned; and therefore, in all evidence, the fewer witnesses the more truth, because the evidence of ten men is worth more than that of a hundred together; and the evidence of a thousand men together is worth still less." *

"Again, as for these miracles being contrary to our experience, that is no very valid argument against them; for equally contrary to our experience is every new discovery of science, every strange phenomenon among plants and animals, every new experiment in a chemical lecture. The more we know of science, the more we must confess that nothing is too strange to be true; and therefore we must not blame or laugh at those who in old times believed in strange things which were not true. . . . Experience, it must be remembered, is the only sound test of truth. As long as men will settle beforehand for themselves, without experience, what they ought to see, so long will they be perpetually fancying that they or others have seen it; and their faith, as it is falsely called, will delude not only their reason, but their very hearing, sight, and touch."

And so, in the face of evidence which he has declared to be as strong as that, for most men, of the existence of China, Mr. Kingsley does not hesitate to deny the tales in such terms as the following:—

"Some of them must be denied utterly, like that of St. Helenus, riding and then slaying the crocodile. It did not happen. Abbot

* "The Hermits," pp. 202-204.

Ammon did not make two dragons guard his cell against robbers. St. Gerasimus did not set the lion, out of whose foot he had taken a thorn, to guard his ass; and when the ass was stolen by an Arabian camel-driver, he did not (fancying that the lion had eaten the ass) make him carry water in the ass's stead. Neither did the lion, when next he met the thief and the ass, bring them up, in his own justification, to St. Gerasimus. St. Costinian did not put a pack-saddle on a bear, and make him carry a great stone. A lioness did not bring her five blind whelps to a hermit, that he might give them sight."

And so on. There is something, in truth, childish about these tales, which puts them far below comparison with those divine acts of mercy told in the Christian Scriptures. The point of comparison is, simply, the reason given by intelligent men for rejecting the supernatural element in them. For Mr. Kingsley fully agrees with Count Montalembert, in considering that these were no unworthy exhibitions of moral superiority, in the age of which they are recorded. Nay, he thinks that for most of them, both those telling the cure of strange diseases and those speaking of superhuman power over the beasts of the wild, there was a real foundation of fact. His whole argument, applied to them, is precisely such as the "rationalizing" critic applies to the Scripture miracles. Where is the difference, then? It does not consist in the nature and laws of evidence; not in the credibility of the witnesses, since the wonders ascribed to the ascetics are often attested at first or second hand by such well-known witnesses as Athanasius and Jerome; not in the intrinsic character of the incidents themselves, many of which are obviously imitated from the Scripture miracles. The difference is simply in the mental prepossession with which the accounts are read or heard. The Catholic believer, who still cherishes a devout faith in these and similar legends of the saints, and can give the date and place of miracles wrought in the Church's name in our own day, would find it vain to urge on Mr. Kingsley to be consistent, as a Christian supernaturalist, in applying his canons of evidence in this field also. And Mr. Kingsley himself could hardly have written the pages we have copied

from him above, without knowing in his heart how impossible it is for other men, who have *not* admitted those canons of evidence, to alter their whole habit of mind in dealing with the special class of facts which the Christian apologist commends to their belief. Within the circle of believers, the argument is held sound, and the facts it vindicates are unspeakably precious. Outside that circle, the argument is effete and worthless. And, from the nature of things, that circle must grow narrower and narrower, in proportion to the ranges of knowledge and thought in the world at large, unless it can breathe the common mental atmosphere, and share the common heritage, of the world's intellectual life.

It will greatly simplify the whole matter of dealing with these "Evidences," and will very much help to a fair understanding among persons of different views, if we accept the fact as we find it in the scientific habit of the day, without disguise, without misrepresentation, without alarm,—above all, without the weakness of "theological hate." Let us only see distinctly where the point lies. It is not that the Christian miracles are unreasonable, impossible, or probably untrue. The argument in favor of them, as Dr. Barnes sufficiently illustrates, stands as plausible and as strong to-day, as it did a century and a half ago. It is, that, to the mental structure developed within this century and a half, belief in them is for the present, with a large class of minds, simply impossible. They do not present, to such minds, an open question; or a question that, under present conditions, can be made an open one to them. There are laws of the human mind, there are habits of thought resulting from "constant and uniform association," against which argument is powerless. The scientific mind is obliged to accept, as axioms, principles of belief which appear to be in direct negation of the facts recorded as miraculous:—appear, we say, because it is quite conceivable that this present mental habit may be outgrown, and that a wider science may take in hereafter many a fact which now seems monstrous and incredible. But, while that habit lasts, the only right course for the Christian believer is to know it and respect it. Argument is meant for the full-

grown masculine intelligence of the world. The scientific thinker, the historical critic,—not the pious convert, or the wavering disciple,—are the class of minds which it is just now most important to convince. And, with them, such arguments as those of Dr. Barnes, we know, are mere weakness and harm.

That habit of mind, we say, cannot be done away by dint of reasoning. The scientific man—suppose a physiologist, like Brown-Séquard—is accustomed to a hard, uncompromising, pitiless style of experiment and proof, of which the gentle theologic temper (since Inquisition days) knows nothing. A medical lecturer in one of our colleges, a devout, honest, intelligent man, among the foremost, and a Christian supernaturalist, lately addressed his class in language something like this: “The true physician seeks simply the truth. It is nothing to him what prejudices it may shock, what theories it may explode. If it were possible, I say it reverently, he would apply the microscope to the risen body of Jesus himself, to ascertain its identity with that which died upon the cross. *He expects and demands the same absolute sincerity of the theologian.*” But the theologian deals with moral, not physical, evidences. He knows nothing of such terrible tests as these. It is a difficulty, not a help, it is a source of weakness, not of strength, when he is obliged to complicate the reality of moral and spiritual truth with that of a definite series of physical facts, to which there is no possibility of applying the ordinary rules of physical investigation, especially when they are facts of a class requiring one to suspend his most familiar maxims and axioms of investigation. The facts may be true; there is at any rate no proving them false. A man may happen not to question them, or may not care to question them. But the question *are they true*, once opened, can be closed, to no intelligent mind, by any process of argumentation, or by any array of testimony in the nature of the case attainable. To revive a corpse after disintegration of the tissues has set in, to feed five thousand men with a handful of loaves and fishes, to restore a withered limb, or heal a case of leprosy-blindness, may be easy acts of superhuman

power, but they involve physical antecedents and results which only the physiologist is competent to trace; and it is for him to say what degree of evidence shall satisfy his mind of the reality of them. The theologian argues in the realm of free spirit: the scientific critic must reason of conditions which he finds on the plane of biological law.

This is the actual state of the case; not as we have been taught to believe it, not as we have wished to believe it, but as we may all see plainly that it really is. The once accepted creeds of Christendom have long ceased to command respect from the leading intelligence or the most enlightened conscience of mankind. Christianity *as an existing fact*—its organized and powerful institutions; its majestic traditions; its eventful history; its agency in working out the grandest form of civilization yet known among men; the vast latent force it always commands in the homage of its disciples; the prodigious power it exerts directly, as seen in the toils of the missionary, and in many a work of self-denying charity; its spirit working indirectly, through a thousand forms of literature and art; the immense religious enthusiasm its name is still able to call forth—does command the homage of the world, in a degree in which it has no rival. Its strength and authority are here. Its own statement of its evidence, its own interpretation of the facts on which it rests, are listened to with respect and deference. Its doctrine is accepted, by multitudes even of the higher ranks of intelligence, as taught by an authority they admit cheerfully, without question; listened to with courteous deference by multitudes more, who do not find their account in questioning it; allowed its conventional place of precedence in state-ceremonies, in all the great secular empires of the day. But when that authority is once challenged, or when its alleged foundation of fact receives a different interpretation, it becomes a new and very difficult problem how the challenge shall be met. Silence is weakness, faintness of heart, betrayal of the faith, withholding of the testimony. Lofty assertion of prerogative may impose and impress at first, but presently becomes ridiculous. To enter the arena of debate is to abandon its position of

advantage, and invite a peril which cannot easily be measured or met; it is to quit the familiar and safe ground, to encounter strange antagonists, with whom it must contend with strange weapons, and dispute in an unfamiliar dialect. To once admit its claims to be an open question, means to appeal to the tribunal of the current thoughts and judgments of the world; it is to invite the jurisdiction of the accepted code of the world's philosophy. And we may be sure that, when its claims trespass beyond the boundaries of pure moral and spiritual truth,—when they are made to take in assertions that occupy the same field with science or history, and facts of the same order as those to which we apply the severest tests of physical experiment,—it stands at a very heavy disadvantage before the bar of the judgment it invokes. Its proofs are not such as were formerly heard with respect by the astronomer; they do not command the deference now of the geologist, the chemist, or the physiologist.

Religion has its own order of facts and verities, a court of its own, from which there is no appeal. It rules, without challenge, in the realm of conscience, of the highest motives and emotions of human nature. It deals with men's inward conflict and peace, with those hopes and fears which make, after all, the broadest, deepest, most universal things in human life. Christianity, as an organized religion, with an accumulated power of many centuries, deals with these things with resources of experience, subtilty of touch, and acquired skill of handling, far beyond the dread of any rivalry. When, as Christian advocates, we appeal to these, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." In the measure of our power and good faith, the world is obliged to accept our testimony; for then the world is dealing with an obstinate, an unyielding, an imperishable fact. Not so when we go beyond our beat, and attempt to confute science in its own domain; or to enforce, dogmatically, an order of assertion as to a circle of physical events, strange and abhorrent to the received philosophy. The best "evidences of Christianity in the nineteenth century" are those which say least of its preternatural facts and mysteries; which plant themselves on

its proved fitness to heal the wounds and soothe the griefs, and feed the hunger of the soul.

And, for their illustration, take the enormous moral power of Christianity as one of the forces in human history. In its feeble youth it met, undaunted, the terrors of an organized paganism, of a despotic and cruel empire. While its ranks were scattered and thin, it saw them diminished, year by year, by relentless persecution: the headsman's axe, the burning pile of martyrdom, the sheets of flaming pitch wrapped round their naked limbs, the horrible circus games in which their agony was the sport of a hundred thousand at once in the world's brutal capital, — all could not break the martyrs' steady courage, or wrest from them one copy of that blessed Gospel which they prized more than life, or overcome that horror of sin which was stronger than any tortures or terrors of death. That was the first, sublimest, triumph of the Christian faith; that was the new world of heroic courage, strength, and trust, of which the human soul became conscious during its martyr-age.

Next we see its victory over the corrupt and insolent despotism that strove to put it down; how it attained, gradually, a firmer footing in the world; how temples, altars, empires of a false idolatry fell around it in the decay of ancient civilization, leaving it only more large and strong; how, though distracted by rival creeds and court intrigues, and the corruption of the age which adopted it, its divine essence and heavenly mission were yet manifest in the lives of pious and saintly men, and in the strength and skill of the organization which became the embodiment of its energetic life.

Then we see it standing, alone solid and strong, amid the wreck of the ancient world, and the devastations of barbarian tribes. Amidst that great terror and overthrow, the Church of Christ not only holds and defends the faith it has received as a trust from the Master: it sends out its trained bands of saints and missionaries, heroically true through torture and death; it encounters the powers of barbarism in their own domain; it wins the allegiance of those fierce pagan tribes, Saxon and Scandinavian, Goth and Frank; and then, turning

their lawless and brute energies to some recognition of divine law and spiritual truth, it lays the foundation of a Christian commonwealth of States, — a civilization springing from deeper roots, destined to wider sway, productive of deeper wisdom, of richer, more abundant, more enduring fruit.

Then we look upon its modern enterprises and results. Though corrupted by the ambitious craft of a priesthood, and by centuries of sway, yet the divine spark of truth and faith in it remains. Its spirit is immortal; it survives all harm; it lives in the hearts of faithful witnesses still, and the needed reformation comes. Emancipated from the formalism and superstition that clung about it like a crust, it allies itself with the expansive energies of the world's modern life. It fills nations, like Protestant England of three hundred years ago, with new vigor and strength, that flame out in martial enterprises, or burn more steadily in the intellectual light and heat of an heroic age. Humble men and delicate women are inspired once more with courage to be sufferers, martyrs, exiles, for conscience' sake; and the new world revealed beyond the thick veil of ocean mist is colonized in the name of religious liberty.

Three centuries of discovery and enterprise have made us familiar with all the continents and every island of the main, — Christian zeal and sympathy still following in the track, — till now not a shore but brightens with the dawn of gospel light, not a tribe among the thousand millions of the world's population but is sought by some intrepid missionary, earnest to bestow on it some share in the gospel hope and privilege. The ever-enlarging scale of modern life is matched by the holy enterprises and ambitions of those who bear the name of Christ; each discovery in the crowded haunts of vice and poverty is followed by some fresh effort to relieve, redress, redeem. The institutions and laws of men are judged more and more by the standard of Christian equity and truth. Devoted Christian men appear from time to time in all departments of activity, seeming to give the promise that toil, trade, learning, art, statesmanship, shall be severally redeemed by the gospel power from low and base ends, and consecrated to

the service of a divine humanity. Literature, purged of the grosser faults of former times, is touched by the same spirit, and reflects broadly the same blessed and benignant light. Enterprises of humanity abound, fresh and vigorous, rivalling in their manifold energy what is bravest, freest, and strongest in the life of modern times. Not in a single direction can we look, without seeing signs of the universal presence, the manifold active energy, of that Spirit named of Christ, whose triumphs are the coming of the divine kingdom upon earth.

Unquestionably the living faith of Christianity has always been associated with its supernatural facts and mysteries. But that is only half the truth. So it has, nineteen times in twenty, with the superhuman authority of an organized priesthood. So it has, ninety-nine times in a hundred, with a theory of the divine government and a future state, which the world's conscience more and more rejects, spite of every accumulation of evidence, from its mere blasphemy and horror. These things, we say, belonged to the social necessities or the superstitious habit of a barbaric and half-pagan age. In other words, Christianity has found its strength in alliance with the received customs and philosophies of the day. If it is to continue its existence as a power in the world's thought and life, if it is to remain a light and guide to civilization, if it is to make good its claim as a world-wide religion for humanity, and not as a narrowing sect doomed presently to be outgrown by other forces, if it is to retain any thing more than a contemptuous tolerance from its once despotic empire, it must be by observing the same conditions in the future as in the past; in other words, by perpetuating its alliance with what is foremost in thought, and most certain in knowledge, and most fearless in enterprise, in the age in which we live.

We need better to understand the terms on which it is so to continue to exist. For quietness and confidence, in which is strength, for moral sincerity in the debates we are called to argue, we need, as Christian advocates, a truer notion of what the realization of the gospel in the world's history has been. We should accustom ourselves (as without any diffi-

cult and learned studies we may) to regard the large outline of Christian history, and the general stages of that advance which the human race has made under the guidance of Christian faith. Whatever carping criticism, whatever moody scepticism, whatever unfriendly judgment of irreligious or religious men may meet us in the tone of the times, or in the suggestions that steal into our mind unawares, — we do ungenerously and ungratefully when we refuse to look to the *positive side first*, of what Christianity has really done and been. We can no longer afford to regard the kingdom of God in the technical and narrow sense familiar to the first disciples, when the movement predestined to be world-wide and immeasurably vast was represented in a little sect, at odds with Roman, Greek, and Jew, braced to a stern endurance of persecution, marshalled in uncompromising strife with paganism, expecting the register of all earthly things to be closed before its own generation should be passed away. Christianity has diffused itself like air, like electricity, like light. It has become a subtile, unseen, pervading, inseparable element in all modern life and thought. We can no more escape its influence than we can escape the brightness of the day; that is, we can do it only by making ourselves wilfully recluse and blind. The world's thought and life have been lifted by that divine energy upon a loftier and nobler plane. That glorious hope of immortality it proclaims, — it has become part of the unconscious and habitual atmosphere of our mind; that confident promise it makes of a better future for mankind, in the coming of a moral kingdom, harmonious and obedient to the law of God as the visible and outward universe which, day by day, we are learning better to comprehend, — this also is taken for granted by all who have any generous hope or wish as to the fortunes of the race, in a way that Pythagoras or Plato could not possibly have understood. Unconsciously, we act in a hundred ways by maxims of conduct first enforced under the sanction of the Christian gospel; we judge of the characters of men and the institutions of States, on the basis of an experience of many centuries, rich with innumerable examples of Christian heroism, devotedness, equity, and

mercy. We are drawn by strange and new ties of sympathy to the depressed and outcast of our race, by the merciful words of Jesus, heard in the broad air of modern life; by the tone of modern Christianized literature; by those generous and hopeful enterprises (whatever their immediate result) which seek to make one Christian commonwealth of souls over the whole globe.

This religion has entered deepest into the heart and conscience of the energetic and conquering races of the modern world, who bear its banner victoriously, and make its name a name of strength and a presage of victory. We do not identify it with the sects and creeds, and ecclesiastical acts and policies, which personate it too often in the world's affairs. We identify it with the hope of the humble, and the heroism of the strong; with the cheerful trust that yields itself to do the Master's work, or bear the Father's will; with the larger horizon and loftier aims that characterize the life of Christian times; with the patience in suffering, the strength in disaster and defeat, the nobility in triumph, of the world's noblest men; with the new hope and earnest effort of humanity in our own day, developing a type of faith wholly peculiar to this century; with the heroic protest by which brave and faithful souls contend against the peril of reckless, godless energies in the New World, and a civilization sceptic and effete in the Old; with that realm of the inner life, silent and unseen, which works evermore the high counsels of Providence, and is the coming of that kingdom for which we daily pray.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THERE are two qualities which give Mr. Martineau's writings a special value to the present generation, aside from their wealth of thought, and their large contributions to Christian scholarship. One is the steady, confident, positive temper with which he sets himself to check the materializing drift of modern science, making his essays, in a peculiar and most valuable sense, *complementary* to those of Mill and Herbert Spencer, while consciously in an attitude purely antagonistic to them. The other is the logical persistency and grasp, the keen, clinging, and aggressive temper, which makes each essay a study in itself of the higher forms of logic, and puts his writings in so strong a contrast to the loose dissertationizing into which so much contemporary thinking runs, even of the abler kind, such as we find in the "Essays and Reviews." This masculine grasp, this wholesome vigor, this polemic tone, is a high and rare quality, — one that grows rarer in the easy eclecticism of the day; and we trace to it some of the best of the *secondary* influences of Mr. Martineau's writings.

The former quality — the philosophical — was better seen in the group of papers making up the first volume of his "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," published by Mr. Spencer, about two years ago. The other — the agonistic or polemical — is more conspicuous in that recently published.* It is particularly seen in the two papers from the "Prospective Review," on Whewell's somewhat pretentious and unsatisfactory system of ethics; but it is a marked quality in all, perhaps, we may say especially the earlier, of Mr. Martineau's writings. This quality in them not only makes the reader's interest quick and keen, but it secures a fidelity of workmanship very rare in discussions of this class. The grasp is like the hug of a wrestler, who will not quit his hold till the game is thoroughly played out, and the question of mastery is settled. In the present volume, we should call the most interesting example of it, as well as the noblest in tone and style, — a masterly study in its way, — that which controverts Mr. Grote's

* Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Vol. II. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 430.

opinion on the physical theory of Plato concerning the universe. It is very rare, indeed, to find a paper at once so instructive as to the mental condition and habits of ancient thinkers; and with so fine an appreciation of what is loftiest in their speculations on divine judgments and human characters, so curiously blended with their daring and loose cosmogonies.

This volume has not the degree of interest which belongs to the former, which grapples directly with the most eminent and recent minds that seem to be forming the speculative habit of this generation; but, as a study of Mr. Martineau's own mind, and comparison of his views with those of such men as Hamilton, Mansel, Whewell, and Kingsley, it is a worthy and beautiful companion to it.

A GOOD many men in our time, in Europe and America, are looking round anxiously to know what to believe, to find a satisfactory religion. Some of these are moved to describe their methods, and to tell their experience. Of this number is the simple-hearted, not to say simple-minded, Dutchman, H. C. J. Krythe, who tells at length, in a fervent, gushing, and enthusiastic style, how he journeyed from Holland to Eastern Prussia in search of God's saving truth, what he found there, and in what frame of mind he returned to his home.*

He went to Magdeburg half a rationalist. Of his early orthodox faith, the only remnants were belief in a personal God and in the immortality of the soul. He was entirely discontented with the dogmas even of the mild Calvinism of his native province. He had heard of the free churches of the Elbe region, and of Uhlich, the long-suffering preacher, who had endured many hardships as the penalty for his bold rationalism. He resolved to visit this free-thinker and his brethren; and persisted in his resolve, in spite of the jeers of the Protestant pastors, who called him a fool, and said that he "would come back like a Don Quixote."

Herr Krythe's visit to Magdeburg was not long, but it was very decisive for his faith. He saw in Uhlich the noblest and purest and loveliest of men, — a saint, a sage, a prophet, and an apostle; the idol of the people for his honesty, his charity, his humility, and his self-sacrifice. The radical leader found it very easy to win over this neophyte to a full adoption of his negations. Herr Krythe's reverence for this

* Religionsreise eines schlichten Landmannes von der holländischen Grenze. Von H. C. J. Krythe. Gotha, 1867. 12mo, pp. 237.

good man soon smothered his scruples. A few conversations satisfied him that a personal God was at once needless and impossible; that the commonly assigned attributes of Deity were preposterous; and that it was far more delightful to believe only in nature and the laws of nature. He had as little difficulty in letting individual immortality go, and leaving man to share the simple eternity of the atoms of matter in their change. Prayer, too, in the teaching of this wise man, was demonstrated to be folly. Herr Krythe came home a happy devotee, with all the burden lifted from his soul, with all the darkness dispersed from his sight. He could live now for *duty*, without hope of heaven or fear of hell. He could live now as part of the grand universe, one with it, and so one with God. He could live now without any need of priest or church, or holy day or holy book. Miss Martineau could not be more joyful in her materialism and her atheism than this writer is in getting rid of soul, God, the future life, and all spiritual ideas. He writes this book to bring others to his comforting faith, though he has no faith in *faith*, or in any thing but knowledge and reality.

There is a beautiful earnestness in Herr Krythe's narrative. His rapture is almost contagious, when he dwells upon the charming character and fine influence of the martyr for conscience' sake. At times there is force in his argument; and the God whom he rejects is the capricious and arbitrary God of the Calvinist, rather than the humane and provident Father of the theist. His orthodox training has prepared him to accept and to rejoice in the dreary extreme of a world without God, and man without a soul. But cool and careful thinkers will not be moved by logic which is so largely sprinkled with interjections and entreaties. The singular goodness of his idol, Uhlich, will not blind them to the singular weakness of his religious philosophy. We feel that a man who could be convinced so easily in great religious negations, and could leap with such alacrity into atheism, as if it were heaven, is not a safe guide to follow. Herr Krythe writes sweet verses; and his hymns, both in his native Dutch and in his statelier German, are devout enough to be sung in the sanctuary. They might well be translated for that rare collection used in some of our churches, the "Hymns of the Spirit." But, on the whole, this artless narrative of a religious journey is what the Dutch pastors prophesied that it would be, a story of a Quixotic enterprise. It will take stronger reasoning than this of the Dutch enthusiast to bring the church of his land to a denial of God and of eternal life.

C. H. B.

THE most eloquent champion of the middle party in the Church of Holland, the Reconciliation party, is unquestionably the Utrecht Professor Van Oosterzee. No man better than he understands the arts of the pulpit orator, and no writer is more catholic and broad in his professions. He has charity for either side, and he deals his blows impartially upon the extreme men of all parties,—upon materialists and rationalists, as well as upon fossil Calvinists. He has the temper of the English Maurice; but his style is the reverse of the style of Maurice, in its sharp distinctions and its transparent clearness. The four discourses* which have been done over from Dutch into German by his admirer, Herr Meyeringh, are a fine specimen of his manner and his spirit. They are inspiring, fresh, ingenious in their argument, and very able in their criticism,—excellent discourses for young men to hear who are just entering on the study of theology. They encourage free inquiry, and warn against spiritual sloth. Yet they will hardly be found satisfactory. No half-way orthodoxy will answer now the questions which are stirred so vigorously in the religious debates of Holland. There is the suspicion, as one reads these brilliant discourses, that the author is held back by his position from the full avowal of his sympathies. Dr. Osgood, of Medford, once said that his position was defined by his residence,—four miles from Cambridge, and seventeen miles from Andover. And it is evident that Van Oosterzee is much nearer in his faith to the Leyden of to-day than to the Leyden of the Puritan time; that if he is in the middle, it is rather the “left centre” than the right, far on in the direction of Scholten and his colleagues. His principles contradict his profession, which is that of orthodoxy.

The titles of these four discourses are: “How shall Modern Naturalism be opposed?” “Shall we, or not, study Theology?” “What Theology is able to stand the shocks of the present age?” “From what Theologians may we expect any thing good for the future of the Church?” The tone of all the discourses is alike, and their theory is substantially the same. That theory is, that only an honest, earnest, scriptural, intelligent, Christian inquiry stands any chance of future strength or influence. Van Oosterzee plants himself upon the

* Zum Kampf und Frieden. Vier akademische Vorträge und fünfzig Aphorismen. Von Dr. J. J. van Oosterzee, Prof. der Theologie zu Utrecht. Ein Beitrag zur Charakteristik der gegenwärtigen Bewegungen auf theologischem und kirchlichem Gebiete. Uebersetzt und herausgegeben von F. Meyeringh. Gotha: Perthes, 1868. 12mo, pp. 180.

words of Jesus, interpreted in harmony with the spirit of the age. That is a wise and sound position; but that is a very wide variation from the Calvinism which rests on creeds and on the infallible letter of the whole Bible. Orthodoxy of this kind is refreshing. The advice of Van Oosterzee to Dutch orthodoxy is very like the advice of the present John Quincy Adams to the people of South Carolina, — good Radical doctrine softened and flavored by a few Conservative avowals and reservations.

C. H. B.

SEVEN parts, 560 pages octavo, of the new Biblical Dictionary, edited by Dr. Schenkel,* have already been published, amply enough to show its quality, its merits, and its defects, and how it compares with other works of the same kind. The verdict, on the whole, of a careful examination, will be, that it is the best Dictionary of the Bible that has yet been issued. It is certainly far more valuable than any that we have in the English language; and it is eminently free from the faults which we had occasion to notice in our examination of Smith's Dictionary some years ago; faults which the American improvements of Messrs. Hackett and Abbot have not altogether corrected.

In the first place, it is up to the mark of the scholarship of the time, makes use of the latest discoveries, and is acquainted with the most recent criticisms. Then again it is critically brave, is not afraid to apply the rational method to any and every subject, has no temper of evasion or apology, but examines its themes fearlessly. In the third place, it has no dogmatic prejudices, holding back the writers from free and fair investigation. The writers aim to state facts, and do not write in the interest of a creed. Then, in the fourth place, there is an abundance of learning, and a great thoroughness in the discussions. In the fifth place, the references are very numerous, and, so far as we have examined, accurate, though they are to works in various tongues. And, finally, there is excellent proportion in the articles, no long dwelling on unimportant points, and not much irrelevant matter. These are the characteristics of the work as thus far published.

The style varies with the different writers, for the number em-

* Bibel-Lexikon, Realwörterbuch zum Handgebrauch, für Geistliche und Gemeindeglieder. Herausgegeben von Kirchenrath Professor Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL. Leipzig, Brockhaus. 8vo, 1868.

ployed is nearly, if not quite, as many as the number of contributors to Smith's Dictionary, and many of them are names known in this country as most distinguished in the several branches of theological study. Dillmann, Bruch, Fritzsche, Hitzig, Holtzmann, Keim, Lipsius, Merx, Reuss, Schwarz, Schweizer, Schrader, Noeldeke, are all names of eminent scholars, whose competence none will dispute. Some of these are skilful in rhetoric; but they leave their rhetoric in this labor, and only set down in the most simple and straightforward way, so far as the German tongue will allow them, their facts and arguments. There is more pleasant and inspiring reading in some of the essays of Smith's and Kitto's ponderous tomes; there is more amusing reading in the lucubrations of McClintock's Cyclopædia. But for solid instruction, those who read German will go to Schenkel's Lexicon. The article on "Chronology" here, for instance, by Dr. Merx, is far more satisfactory than the long article on the same theme in Smith's Dictionary. Hitzig, in the two pages which he gives to the Chaldeans, says all that a Biblical student wishes to know. Dillmann's article of half a dozen pages, on the Cherubim, is a remarkable specimen of acute observation and curious learning; which we see also in the article on Chiun, mentioned only in the prophecy of Amos, though this is discussed very ably by Mr. Poole, in his article on Remphan in Smith's Dictionary. Bertheau's examination of the books of the Chronicles, with which he joins the books of Nehemiah and Ezra, is incomparably superior to Lord Arthur Hervey's article on the same theme. Mr. Howson ought to know all about Cyprus; and yet Kneucker here has added a good deal of valuable matter to Howson's notice in the English work. These instances are all taken from Part VII., which is by no means the most valuable or remarkable of the parts thus far published.

If some American house would undertake to publish a good translation of this Lexicon of Schenkel, it would render a real service to the cause of Biblical learning. We need something better than these Cyclopædias of the Bible, which shrink from the results of criticism, and only repeat the *dicta* of effete scholarship and orthodox dogmatism. It is embarrassing now for a liberal scholar to commend works which are partly excellent, and yet not up to the mark either of science or of sound doctrine. We need a better introduction to Biblical study than the work of Dr. Stowe, which peddlers are industriously hawking through the country, good in many particulars as that work is.

C. H. B.

IF simplicity, clearness, honesty, careful discrimination, affluence of Scriptural illustration, and brave indifference to theological prejudices and fears can make good sermons, the second volume of Bishop Colenso's *Sermons* deserve that praise.* Those who question his scholarship, and ridicule his folly, can by no means show such a series of Discourses as these, produced in a regular succession of weeks, two on every Sunday. They are more than liberal sermons, more than able sermons; they are practical, timely, common-sense sermons. Such sermons are in refreshing contrast alike to the dull utterances of the average English pulpit, the ingenious subtilties and sophistries of the Bampton and Hulsean lecturers, and the florid rhetoric of Dean Stanley, and the writers of his school, who hide their heresies in a cloud of brilliant words. Colenso has no compromise or concealment in his style, is not afraid to say what he thinks and what he knows, does not stop to consider how far his opinions are safe or are popular; yet, withal, his tone is gentle, reverent, and kind, even in its sharpest denials. In doctrine, these sermons are Unitarian. They deny the Devil, they demand freedom, they show us Jesus a human person, subject to the influences of nature, of society, of temperament, of education; they take such views of prophecy and creeds and inspiration as are found in the Unitarian books. In spirit, these sermons are broadly Catholic, and they assert a Church of Christ as wide as goodness, as large as the whole assembly of righteous men. They would be remarkable sermons anywhere; but they are the more remarkable when we consider that they were written for such an audience, as bringing the most advanced theological scholarship home to the comprehension of Zulus. We will venture to say that no Cathedral Church in England provides such spiritual nourishment for the hearers as the Church of St. Peter in Maritzburg, at the Cape of Good Hope. Here the Scripture is interpreted as well as read, and the "lesson of the day" becomes a true lesson for the hour. Bishop Colenso can use the order of the Church without finding it hardship or bondage to his free thought. Criticism is not his weapon, but his instrument, which he handles as gracefully as if it were a flute or a viol, from which sweet music should come. Of course we shall get these sermons in a cheap edition.

C. H. B.

* *Natal Sermons, Second Series of Discourses, Preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter's, Maritzburg.* By the Rt. Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: N. Trübner & Co., 1868. 12mo, pp. 349.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE second volume of Draper's "*History of the Civil War*"* has all the merits of the first volume, and very few of its faults. Dr. Draper's chief defect as an historian is a fondness for extravagant and inconclusive theorizing on premises drawn from physical geography; and there is less room for this when narrating the busy events of two or three years than in the preliminary discussions upon the causes of the war, which made up the greater part of the former volume. On the other hand, this very attention to physical geography which before so often led him astray, stands him in good stead when it comes to analyzing the perplexing details of a campaign or a battle. There was nothing in which the newspaper reporters during the war failed so generally, as in the power to convey a correct notion of the locality of any action. But without such a notion, the most detailed narrative of the action will be confused and incomprehensible. It is perhaps the most striking, not perhaps the greatest, excellence of the work before us, that it succeeds so well, by brief but graphic descriptions of scenery, in giving the reader a clear conception of the movements of troops, and the general course of engagements.

A single passage we may quote, indeed, as containing a sample of the theorizing habit we have spoken of. In the expectation which the South entertained that the North-western States would join the confederacy, he says, p. 596, that "it did not clearly appreciate that the influence of nature throughout those regions perpetually strengthens the tendency to Teutonic modes of thought." We suppose that by "Teutonic modes of thought" he means here a love of freedom (compare Vol. I., p. 183); but what in the world this has to do with the great rivers and lakes and vast stretching prairies of the North-west, we cannot conceive. In the commonplaces of rhetoric we associate the love of freedom rather with the mountains of Switzerland and Greece; we do not know that the plains of Bavaria are special homes of liberty, — the steppes of Russia certainly are not. Sentences like

* *History of the American Civil War.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. In three volumes. Vol. II. Containing the events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln, to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, 1868. 8vo, pp. 614.

that quoted are to us, we must confess, pure nonsense ; fortunately, the volume contains very little of it.

It appears to us to be a great mistake in Dr. Draper to give no reference to his authorities. He claims to have received special assistance from men who were themselves leading actors in the war, and often quotes passages contributed by them for his express use, — passages of the greatest value if emanating from certain sources, of very little from certain other sources. And if these were communicated to him under pledge of secrecy (which certainly would detract from their weight as historical evidence), there is at any rate no excuse for citing page after page of newspaper editorials or government despatches in quotation marks, with no precise clew as to source or date.

But these are slight defects. The book as a whole is a remarkable piece of historical composition, — remarkable at once for lucid and impartial unfolding of events, and for vivid and interesting narrative. The military portion, by far the greatest, will no doubt be examined by military critics ; it will be appropriate, in a publication of this character, to confine our remarks to the history of political events.

These do not appear to us to be as a whole quite equal to those admirable chapters in the first volume, which analyzed the motives and the political events which led to the war. We have been indeed a little disappointed, not at any thing ill done, but because certain chapters are not surpassingly well done. And yet the last chapter, on the "Progress of the Anti-slavery Movement," is in Dr. Draper's best style ; and the inner history of the Confederate government is exceedingly good, — tracing the process by which the doctrine of State Rights was thrown overboard as soon as it had done its work of secession, and a rigid despotism substituted for the mild ties of the Union ; and showing how Jefferson Davis, so far from being the dignified model of a statesman which the English papers made him out, was a selfish tyrant, and a failure at that. Dr. Draper never blinks the shortcomings of his own side, nor fails to point out the magnitude of the perils through which the nation passed, — internal as well as external ; and we cannot better close than with an extract, p. 444, which states the nature of one of these perils better than we remember to have seen it stated, and which may make us tremble at the recollection of a danger of which at the time we were hardly fully conscious. He is speaking of the time of Pope's campaign in Vir-

ginia. "Though there never was purer patriotism than that which actuated the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, that army had been brought, through the influence of officers who surrounded General McClellan, into a most dangerous condition — dangerous to the best interests of the nation — of having a wish of its own, and that wish in opposition to the convictions of the Government. In armies, it is but a very short step from the possession of a wish to the expression of a will. Perhaps at no period of the war were thoughtful men more deeply alarmed for the future of the nation, than when they heard of the restoration of McClellan to the command, and recognized the unmistakable constraint under which the Government had acted."

W. F. A.

THE immense tide of Irish emigration which has been flowing in upon this country for the last twenty-five years, has made one of the most curious studies of our social science, and one of the most perplexing problems of our politics. Dispersed along the lines of public works, such as railways and canals, it has added enormously to our national wealth. Spreading by steady and slow encroachment among our country population, it has threatened the transfer of a majority of our farms and a preponderance in our town governments to a race and creed most alien from the genius of our earlier colonists. Gathering in great cities, it has made, more than any one thing, the element which greedy politicians have cherished and used, to the enormous corruption that makes the astonishment and scandal of our politics. The race is still, in a great degree, a stranger in a strange land. And, in the time of the "Fenian" excitement, two years ago, it menaced us with the great surprise, as well as calamity, of finding we had suffered an alien nationality to harbor and grow among us, utterly strange to the spirit of our institutions; of doubtful loyalty at critical moments; formidable enough to constrain the flattery of party leaders, even of those we had best right to trust as honest men; and likely, at an unguarded moment, to plunge us into a conflict, of which it is hard to say which were worst, — the blunder, the mischief, or the crime.

So powerful an element in the political and social life of America deserves to be studied with a different sort of attention from what has been given it, by either the ambition of party schemers, or by the fears and prejudices of the loyal. Some of the material for such a

study is offered us in the volume of Mr. Maguire, lately published.* It has the advantage of being an account of the Irish in America by one of their own race and faith, — a man of education and acquainted with public life; a loyal Englishman in politics, yet with strong sympathy with his countrymen; one who has been at home with them in their settlements, and shared their hopes, ambitions, and self-satisfactions, as denizens in a new country. His account of them is naturally colored by prejudice of race and religion. It flatters and glorifies the average Irishman, quite as much as “know-nothing” politicians have scorned and disparaged him. It rather magnifies than belittles the part which the Irishman, as such, is destined to bear in our industrial and political fortunes, — going to the wonderful exaggeration of implying that the Irish made the really heroic and indomitable element on both sides in our great civil war! The faults and dangers of the Irish — in the matter of intoxicating drinks, in political partisanship, especially in the latent animosity and easily roused frenzy which keeps them always ready to plunge into a hopeless crusade against England — are fairly, often forcibly, given; the last pages, especially, are an emphatic warning to England of the peril that lurks in their sullen, resentful, implacable hate. But, along with this, which we trust the Irish will lay to heart as a friendly counsel, there is a picture very interesting and instructive to us, of the patient and sturdy industry with which these poor emigrants have planted themselves in the bleak latitudes of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and among the hardships of Canadian forests; of the miseries of the dreadful forced emigration, in flight from the famine of 1847; of the immense, devoted toils of their priests, who have kept a heart of courage, morality, and faith among the forest exiles; of the astonishing thrift and prosperity that have come to be the portion of those who left the old country penniless, almost hopeless and friendless, whenever the temptation of strong drink has been kept away. The sympathies of the writer are almost wholly with the Celtic and Catholic Irish; and he bestows a great deal of unnecessary scorn and obloquy on the so-called “Scotch,” or Protestant Irish, who certainly, in some quarters that we have known them, have been among the very best specimens of the name. As a matter of equitable judgment, these prejudices hurt the book in the eyes of the im-

* *The Irish in America.* By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. pp. 653.

partial reader ; but, perhaps, make it the more valuable study of a race still more deeply saturated with them. At the same time, it gives credit to the Protestants and liberals for the compest justice and friendliness in dealing with these strangers ; it details very instructively the efforts made to protect them from the knavery of city agents and cheats ; and its counsel to the Irish themselves is, in general, entirely judicious and worthy to be followed.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

It is somewhat surprising that so entertaining a work as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "*Holy Land*"* should not have been immediately republished on this side of the sea. But we have it at last in convenient form, though with far less luxury of type and margin than in the two octavos of the English original. It is at once a book of travels, and a history, yet not specially thorough in either of those characters. It might best be called "*Sketches of the Life of Jesus, studied on the spot, with illustrations and embellishments from the personal experiences and imaginations of the writer.*" For Mr. Dixon has a lively imagination, which assists him greatly in filling out his observations and his sketches. His mosaic of Josephus, the Talmud, and the Christian Gospels, is supplied and fastened into a picture by the easy devices of his own ready fancy.

As an account of the Holy Land, as it is, or as it was, the book, bulky enough certainly, is strangely defective. All that we have of the sea-coast is the sketch of Jaffa and Mount Carmel ; and the short chapter on Carmel tells only about its convent. The Biblical story of the mountain is left almost untouched. Cæsarea, Askelon, Ashdod, Gaza, do not come into Mr. Dixon's narrative. He has a few words about Shechem, but nothing about Sebaste and its ruins, — the famous city of the great Herod. He expatiates on Latroun, the traditional home of the penitent thief ; but has nothing to say of Nebi-Samuel, the ancient Mizpeh, except to put it on the left hand of a traveller coming into Jerusalem from the north, when it is actually on the right hand. He gets "on the road to Hebron," in the heading of one of his chapters, but does not get to the city itself. A Bedouin

* *The Holy Land.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. With illustrations from original Drawings and Photographs. Third edition. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1868. 12mo, xii, pp. 418.

fight hinders him from reaching the tomb of the Patriarchs. Bethel, Shiloh, Gilboa, Nain, Endor, Mount Tabor, the Lake of Merom, and the upper Jordan, Kishon, "that ancient river," the pools of Solomon, and other places as notable, are left out of the narrative. The freshness of color in the story does not compensate this defect. Even in the description of Jerusalem and its environs very much is neglected which is essential to an accurate picture of the city.

There is no want of details and particulars in Mr. Dixon's story, and no want of variety. He flits from place to place in the most free and easy way : from Judea to Galilee, from Bethlehem to Carmel. He "eliminates the time element" in a style to satisfy the most transcendental mind ; Cabouli and Akeel Aga come close to Boaz and David. In his graphic record, the Scripture scenes are the scenes of to-day. If his sketches are not absolutely accurate, they shall at any rate be lively and lifelike ; they shall be dashed off with a bold and confident pen ; and if rhetorical tricks will help them, he will use rhetorical tricks. Alliteration shall supply the lack of patient investigation. He calls Capernaum, for instance, "a busy, basaltic town."

In his carelessness of statement, Mr. Dixon may fairly be called reckless. He exaggerates numbers, he dislocates monuments, and he generalizes from very inadequate data. For instance, he says that in the Christian quarter of Jerusalem there are some streets "wide enough for a camel and a man to pass," intimating that this is an exceptional fact ; while the truth is that nearly all the streets of Jerusalem are as wide as that, and several of them are wide enough for carriages to pass each other, if there were carriages in the Holy City. He sees Calvary and the Dome of the Sepulchre *south* of the pool of Hezekiah ; though this change of the compass point is less remarkable than his glimpse of the Dead Sea from the Tower of David ! He says that there are "Arabs in every quarter of Jerusalem," a very wide variation from the truth. There are no Arabs in the Jewish quarter, and very few in the Christian quarter.

In his picture of Jerusalem, there are "twenty minarets," while an accurate count would find not more than half a dozen. He gives the number of Jews in the city as four thousand ; the lowest reasonable estimate is eight thousand, and many reckon ten thousand, twelve thousand, and fifteen thousand. He says that nobody is out in the night-time in Jerusalem ; that, in this city and in the Holy Land, the bridal processions are all in the daytime. Any one who has stayed in Jerusalem a fortnight could correct him on

both these points. He calls the group of Mosques on the Temple Hill "the very noblest specimen of the building art in Asia"! He repeats, as a veracious tale, the foolish legend of Hillel being *buried* in the snow near Jerusalem, when he was lying out there one night in mid-winter. His description of the warfare of the sects in Jerusalem, and the influence of the Turks in keeping peace among them, is simply an extravaganza; he makes the frantic follies of the Greek Easter a specimen of the ordinary relations and dealings of the sects with each other. It is amusing to hear the bigoted and fanatical Turks praised for their *tolerant* and charitable spirit. A very doubtful compliment Mr. Dixon pays to his own countrymen, when he says that the Turks are the English of the East, and that the Turk and Saxon have many common traits. "The Turk is never mean," and "never lies"! Indeed!

These are specimens of Mr. Dixon's way of dealing with facts in his "sensation" narrative. His theological position seems equivocal. There is much in his descriptions that sounds like rationalism, and yet he describes the miracles with no question of their literal reality. He says, however, that the facts after the death of Jesus are of a kind which "scenery and books do not illustrate," and closes his story of Jesus with the crucifixion. Yet one would think that the post-resurrection narrative of the appearance of Jesus on the way to Emmaus, on the shores of the sea, and on the Olivet mount, as the Evangelists relate it, is of the kind which the scenery and its influences help to explain.

Mr. Dixon takes issue with Dr. Robinson in regard to the course of the Tyropœon, and the area of Mount Zion, and the place of the Sepulchre; and here we think that he is right. So his argument in favor of Kefr Kenna as the original Cana seems to us sound. He identifies Capernaum with Tell Hum. But he is not generally disposed to sift the traditions carefully; it is more convenient to take and use them. The fairest and the best part of his book is his account of the Jewish sects, the Pharisees and Sadducees. His account of the Essenes adds something to the authentic account of Josephus, and varies, too, from that account. We get a very faint image of the disciples of Jesus, and the treason of Judas is hardly mentioned. Mr. Dixon's portrait of Jesus is nearer to the evangelical story than Renan's portrait; but, on the whole, is not more satisfactory. His story is confused, with all its vivacity and brilliancy; and there is no evidence of any desire for critical accuracy.

C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE seems to be no rest or loss of interest in discussions about the "soul" in the schools of France. Since the notices of the works on that subject were written for our last number, we have received the later discourses of M. Chaseray,* which give a somewhat novel view, unlike that of Laugel, and unlike that of Ramur de la Sagra. Chaseray is a materialist, and accepts the physiological method as the true method of spiritual investigation; yet he holds to the doctrine of immortality as the central and vital fact of the soul's life. He believes in metempsychosis, in a succession of new births, in the transformation of the life from one body into another, when it has finished its work with this first body. This transformation may be into some other earthly and fleshly shape, or it may be into a body fit for some of the celestial spheres, for some other planet than this earth. He adopts the theory of pre-existence, that the soul had a form and a frame before its entrance upon a human life, and that birth on the earth is only the waking from a sleep. He rejects as irrational, groundless, and hostile to the divine justice and wisdom, the idea that the short life of earth is to fix any future eternal, unchangeable state. "Eternal punishment" is preposterous and monstrous. He believes, with Leroux, in the solidarity of the human race, but differs from that communist in asserting the continuation and the eternity of the individual life. Strangely, nevertheless, he does not find memory necessary in this continuation of life: he thinks that one may forget in a new state of being all the experiences of the former state, and yet preserve identity.

There is ingenuity in Chaseray's view; and he pleads, in a most catholic spirit, with equal tenderness for the gross materialists and the most orthodox spiritualists. Yet we fear that his mild charity will not win either party to his opinion. The spiritualists will not be satisfied with his denial of some essential immaterial substance in the soul; nor will the materialists allow that any portion of the material body is exempt from the law of decomposition and diffusion. Christians will certainly not find in his opinion the doctrine of the New Testament; and, indeed, Chaseray has no care to show that it is contained in the words of Paul or Jesus. It fits better, however, to the spiritual sayings of the gospel than the sharp separation of the pres-

* *Conférences sur l'Ame.* Par ALEXANDRE CHASERAY. Paris: Germer Baillière, 1868. 16mo. pp. 171.

ent life and the life to come, in work and in experience, which the orthodox creeds set forth. There are sentences in these discourses which remind us of the letters and Gospel of John, though no allusion is made to those documents. The spirit of M. Chaseray is as reverent as it is brave. If he traverses some prejudices of the popular faith, he is less disposed to deny than to believe. C. H. B.

A LONG, fluent narrative poem — purely objective, sunny, healthy, like Chaucer; discursive and diffuse, after the manner of Spenser; almost unconsciously easy, idiomatic and melodious in its handling of rhymed couplets and stanzas — seemed the one poetical achievement which the culture and temper of this generation had made impossible. The excessive introspection, the fastidiously finished execution of Tennyson's verse, were after all, it may be, the best preparation for so wholesome a re-action as Mr. Morris has shown, first in his "Jason," and since in his "Earthly Paradise." * This re-action he has already run out to an excessive length; and one begins to wish he might be conscious of some mechanical difficulties in the verse, which reels from his pen like bright ribbons from a Jacquard loom. The thirteen tales in the compact and solid pages of this handsome volume are of unequal interest; some, as the first part of the Race of Atalanta, and of the Proem, admirable and perfect narration in their kind; most of them claiming a rather languid attention towards the close. Twelve more tales are promised within the year! The next harvest from so curiously fertile an imagination we cannot help hoping will be allowed a larger and mellowed sunshine to ripen, and a severer revision to condense.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. 2 vols. 8vo. — Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by Rev. John McClintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. Vol. II. C.D. 8vo, pp. 933. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Moral Uses of Dark Things. By Horace Bushnell. 12mo, pp. 360. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Gropings after Truth: a Life Journey from New-England Congregationalism to the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. By Joshua Huntington. 12mo, pp. 167. — The Holy Communion: its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John B. Dalgairns. 12mo, pp. 440. — Cradle Lands. By Lady Herbert. 12mo, pp. 330. — Memorials of those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland in the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 459. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

* The Earthly Paradise. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Gleanings among the Sheaves. By C. H. Spurgeon. Cloth, gilt. pp. 228. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Twenty-five Sermons: a Memorial of twenty-five years' Ministry. By John Corder. Montreal: John Lovell. pp. 395.

Religion and the Reign of Terror: or, the Church during the French Revolution. Prepared from the French of M. Edmond de Pressensé. By Rev. J. P. Lacroix. pp. 414. — The Parables of our Lord Explained and Applied. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon. — The Garden of Sorrows; or, the Ministry of Tears. By Rev. John Atkinson. pp. 203. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Theatrical Management in the West and South for thirty years, interspersed with Anecdotal Sketches autobiographically given. By Sol Smith, retired actor. With fifteen illustrations, and a portrait of the author. 8vo, pp. 275. — The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 8vo, pp. 183. — A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene, for Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M.D. 12mo, pp. 400. — The Rightful Heir: a Drama in five Acts. By the author of "Richelieu." 16mo, pp. 61. — Wild Life under the Equator, narrated for young people. By Paul Du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries," "Equatorial Africa," &c. With numerous engravings. 12mo, pp. 231. — Adventures in the Apache Country: a Tour through Arizona and Sonora. With Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," &c. Illustrated by the author. 12mo, pp. 535. — The Gordian Knot: a Story of Good and Evil. By Shirley Brooks. 8vo, pp. 168. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Human Intellect. With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D. 8vo, pp. 673. — Madame Thérèse: or, The Volunteers of '92. By Mm. Erckmann-Chatrian. Translated from the thirtieth edition. With ten full-page illustrations. 12mo, pp. 289. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. 12mo, pp. 186; Madame De Beaupré. By Mrs. C. Jenkin, author of "A Psyche of To-day," &c. 12mo, pp. 278. — Tobacco and Alcohol. I. It does pay to smoke. II. The coming man will drink wine. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. 16mo, pp. 163. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

I Will, and other Stories. By "May." New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 12mo, pp. 191.

Halloween: a Romaunt with Lays, Meditative and Devotional. By the author of "Christian Ballads." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 48mo, pp. 175.

Night Scenes in the Bible. By Rev. Daniel March, D.D., author of "Walks and Homes of Jesus." Philadelphia: Zeigler, McCurdy, & Co. 8vo, pp. 544.

The Child Wife: a Tale of the Two Worlds. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 12mo, pp. 402. — Spectacles for Young Eyes. By S. W. Lander. pp. 203. — Pictures and Stories of Animals: 1. Quadrupeds; 2. Birds; 3. Fishes and Reptiles; 4. Bees and other Insects; 5. Sea-shells and River-shells; 6. Sea-urchins, Star-fishes, and Corals. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols.

Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions. By Edward Everett. Vol. IV. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo, pp. 788.

The Farleyes of Farleye; or, Faithful and True: a Tale in three Books. By Thomas J. Potter. pp. 256. — Verses on Various Occasions. (J. H. N.) Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Under the Willows, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. pp. 286.